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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June, 1784, and is now in its one hundred and sixtieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with more than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farm and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Affairs.

No Liquor in Newport

Secretary Daniels has this week promulgated an order establishing a zone five miles wide around eight naval posts, in which the sale of liquors shall be absolutely prohibited. Included within the number is the Newport station, the dry zone thus established including the whole city of Newport. According to present reports from Washington the order will go into effect next Monday, but it is possible that the time may be extended in order to give the liquor men time to adjust themselves to new conditions. The order has been anticipated in Newport for some weeks, so that it did not come as a complete surprise.

What adjustment will be made on the license fees paid remains to be seen. The present liquor licenses were issued under date of December 1st, and were paid for in advance to cover one year. Three months only have elapsed, and the men who have paid the year's fees and will not be permitted to use their licenses will undoubtedly endeavor to secure a repayment to them.

General Assembly

Owing to the fact that some members of the House have made a practice of absenting themselves from the chamber during the regular hours of the session, the doors were closed on Wednesday and none were allowed to enter or leave the chamber for a time. This was in response to the request of some of the minority members who were engaged in trying, as usual, to take the Property Qualification bill from committee.

The Senate will act next Tuesday on the resolution endorsing national prohibition as reported by the committee on special legislation. It is said that an effort will be made to kill this bill and secure the passage of the House bill providing for a referendum on the question.

The Senate has had considerable debate this week over the many measures suggested to allow soldiers and sailors to vote, but no action has yet been taken. The Senate on Thursday passed the deficiency appropriation bill after a long debate. The bill for a State Guard during the period of the war has been reported by the Senate committee on militia.

At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening Chief of Police Tobin appeared before the board and requested the adoption of a new ordinance regarding taverns and victualling houses. He explained the nature of the changes that would be desirable for the enforcement of the excise laws, and a draft was made by the city solicitor. The board will consider the proposed ordinance at another meeting to be held next Monday evening so that the matter can go before the representative council the same evening.

The Coddington Point Property.

The immediate development of the Training Station here is a matter that is of vast interest to the business men and citizens of Newport. If the navy department is able to secure the Coddington Point property at a figure that is satisfactory to the Government, there is little doubt but that the Station will be developed to great capacity, but in the event of failure to come to an agreement with the owners for the sale of this property, little growth is likely. There are now many other stations of similar purpose to the Newport Naval Training Station, which are more favorably considered by the present Secretary of the Navy, and he would undoubtedly be glad of an excuse to develop some of them at the expense of the Newport station.

The available land on Coasters' Harbor Island is now all in use, so that there is not room for expansion there. Coddington Point, however, offers a splendid chance for development in connection with the Station, and the Navy Department would probably be glad to have it—at their own price. Once in the possession of the Navy Department, there is little doubt but that the present Station would be expanded to accommodate additional thousands of boys.

Captain Campbell, the commanding officer, informed the owners of the Coddington Point property and the general public this week that if the Coddington Point property could be offered to the Government for \$75,000 he had reason to believe that the offer would be accepted and the land developed. Immediate action was necessary, he explained, as plans for increased training facilities must be carried out without delay. A meeting of the board of directors of the Narragansett Bay Realty Company was held, followed by a consultation with the stockholders, and the reply was sent to Captain Campbell that in view of the cost of the property, they did not feel that they could offer the property at as low a price as \$75,000, but they offered to allow the price to be set by a commission of three members, one to be appointed by Captain Campbell and Mayor Burdick jointly, one by the Company, and the third to be selected by these two. Captain Campbell replied that he had no authority to make an offer for the land, and requested the owners to fix a price at which they would sell.

Many suggestions have been made as to how this land might be turned over to the Government, as all Newport is greatly interested. A mass meeting of citizens has been suggested, but whatever is done must be done quickly. It is possible that some action may be taken by the representative council at its meeting next Monday evening.

Quick Work

The budget prepared by the Committee of Twenty-five and sent out to all the taxpayers of Newport, five thousand in number, was plentiful at the Mercury office and ready for mailing in less than two days' time. The new linotype machine did the work.

The Block Island weather bureau reports the mean temperature for the month of February as 27 degrees. The highest temperature, 49 degrees, was on the 25th and the lowest, 9 degrees below, was the 5th of the month. There have been several colder months of February since the bureau was started something over thirty years ago. The velocity of the wind on the 5th was 70 miles an hour. There were 9 clear days, 6 partly cloudy and 13 cloudy days last month.

The Addresses on the Great Religious Leaders of Early Newport, delivered before the Newport Historical Society last year by various eminent clergymen and authors, are soon to be printed in book form at the Mercury office. They will form a most interesting volume and add materially to the history of Newport.

The little sheet known as the Narragansett Pier Breeze is quite a free lance. The issue of March 2 devotes considerable space to Newport men and affairs. Narragansett Pier is a breezy place and this is a breezy Breeze.

The representative council will struggle with the city budget next Monday night and strenuous efforts will be made to increase some of the amounts allotted to the various departments. Some may well be increased, others will stand still more pruning.

A number of volunteers from the men subject to draft in Newport went to Camp Devens early Monday morning.

Representative Council.

The representative council will meet next Monday evening to consider the budget for the year, on the recommendation of the committee of 25, as well as to transact such other business as may be necessary for operating the municipal machinery. The budget meeting is rather later than usual because of the difficulty that the committee encountered in endeavoring to make their receipts and expenditures balance. Because of the great increase in cost of practically everything, the committee was obliged to recommend a budget larger than the receipts from taxation at the rate fixed by the council will probably derive, and in order to meet this increase the committee recommends that some property be re-valued to make up the amount needed. There will probably be considerable discussion of the proposition by the members of the council.

The last of the reports of the committee were delivered to the City Clerk's office last Saturday morning, so that it was possible for him to mail them that afternoon, allowing more than the seven days required by law before the council meeting. The printing was done at the Mercury office in record time, all the composition being turned out on the new Linotype in short order.

In addition to the adoption of the budget for the year and the passing of an ordinance for the assessment and collection of a tax, there are several other matters on the docket. Two ordinances in relation to the fire department, to carry into effect the acts recently passed by the General Assembly, will be taken up.

There are two resolutions in regard to changes in the city charter. One provides for the appointment of a committee of five to consider changes that may be advisable, and the other directs the city solicitor to prepare an act for the General Assembly providing for the appointment of the committee of 25 on or before the first day of March of each year. There are also resolutions providing for the appointment of three other committees, one to investigate and report on the proposition for a public market in Newport, one to consider re-valuation of taxable property, and the third to consider the establishing of a central purchasing bureau for the city. There is also a resolution providing for leasing the Freebird lands for athletic purposes and authorizing the appointment of a commission to control the same. In addition there are various routine resolutions to be considered, and the session promises to be a busy one.

New Shoreham Asks for Relief

The Town of New Shoreham is asking the State to cancel a note it holds against the town for \$25,000 and which comes due next November. This note, the Town claims, was given to raise money to open the breachway to the Great Salt Pond. This, the Town claims, was a great National improvement. The Great Salt Pond is now used as a harbor of refuge and is considered of great commercial value to all vessels entering or leaving Narragansett Bay. This improvement being of state and national importance, the Town feels that it should not be compelled to bear the entire expense alone. There is much merit in the contention, but it would seem that the burden of this work should fall on the nation rather than the state.

Mr. Fred W. Mansfield of Providence, representing the Federal Food Administration, came down to Newport on Tuesday to inspect the conduct of the restaurants here. He was surprised to find a number of places that were apparently disregarding the administration regarding meatless days and other regulations, and gave notice that they must comply with the regulations immediately or their licenses would be withdrawn. He was told that the men in the service demanded meat, but stated that this made no difference, as the regulations must be obeyed.

Mayor Clark Burdick has received the unusual honor of an important decoration conferred upon him by the Emperor of Japan as a token of sincere appreciation of the cordial reception accorded to Viscount Ishii and his party on the occasion of their visit to Newport last September. The decoration is the Third Class Order of the Sacred Treasure.

The annual assembly of DeBois Council No. 5, Royal and Select Masters, will be held next Tuesday evening, when officers for the ensuing year will be chosen.

Superior Court.

The March session of the Superior Court for Newport County opened on Monday with Judge Burrows presiding. The first business was the examination of the grand jurors, who were sworn in and retired to consider a number of cases. Later in the afternoon six indictments were reported, of which one was kept a secret. Four were against William F. Herman for passing bad checks while garbed as a naval lieutenant, and one against Manuel Barboza for maintaining a nuisance. Later in the week Herman was arraigned, pleaded nolo, and on one case was sentenced to nine months in the Providence County Jail where a study can be made of his mental condition. Barboza was allowed to go on his own recognizance pending his good behavior.

Tuesday was devoted to hearing divorce petitions, which were generally granted, although in one case the Court found that a charge of non-support could not be substantiated and advised that the parties resume living together, apart from their parents.

An equity case of John J. Donovan vs. Mrs. Mary Easton to compel the defendant to sell the real estate occupied by the Broadway Garage to him and to enjoin her from ejecting him from the premises was heard at considerable length, but the petition was not granted.

On Wednesday after completing the criminal docket, the court adjourned until next Monday.

New Police Chief Qualifies

Chief of Police John S. Tobin took the oath of office before City Clerk Francis N. Pullerton on Monday afternoon and immediately went to the Police Station where he relieved Chief Crowley and became the active head of the Newport police force. At the session of the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening, Chief Crowley applied for retirement as a member of the permanent police force under the law, and the application was granted. On nomination of Mayor Burdick, Assistant Inspector James J. Palmer was promoted to the rank of Inspector to fill the vacancy caused by the promotion of Chief Tobin.

Many Fire Alarms

There was a series of fire alarms in this city on Monday morning, making a very busy time for the firemen for a short time. None of the fires were of a serious nature, however, and the damage was slight. Box 32 called the department to a house on Edward street, where a brisk blaze was in progress in an upper room. Chemicals were sufficient to extinguish it. Before the apparatus had picked up after this run, box 3 was sounded and called practically all the apparatus in the city to the Bee Hive, where soft coal soot in the chimney was giving out much smoke. The chimney was cleaned and the fire was out. There were two still alarms for brush fires during the forenoon, both being in the lower part of the city.

Rawson Villa Sold

It is announced that Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart Cushman of New York have purchased the former Rawson estate on Ocean avenue from the heirs of General Lloyd S. Bryce. The residence was built some years ago by Mr. Edward S. Rawson, and about two years ago was sold by him to General Bryce who intended to occupy it. Both General and Mrs. Bryce died within a comparatively short time, and last year the villa was not occupied. Mr. and Mrs. Cushman had planned to erect a new house on land near the Rawson place which they had purchased from Commodore Arthur Curtiss James, but find the Rawson property well adapted to their needs.

The annual meeting of the Miantonomi Club was held on Monday evening, when Judge Hugh B. Baker was re-elected president. Mr. Asa B. Kennan was elected to the board of governors to fill a vacancy, and the four members of the board for the three-year term are J. Alton Barker, Edward W. Kent, Abner L. Slocum and Dr. Seth DeBois.

Two boys have been arrested by the police for stealing a sum of money and a Liberty bond from a scissors grinder, the theft being accomplished while the man was in a house on Duke street.

Frank T. Horrocks of this city has been commissioned as a Second Lieutenant in the Engineers after taking a course of instruction at the Officers' Training School at Camp Devens.

New "America"

By J. Wilbur Chapman

God bless our splendid men,
While they the right defend,
God bless our men,
Make them all brave and true,
Faith in Thyself renew,
Teach them the best to do,—
God bless our men.

God keep our valiant men,
From all the stain of sin,
God keep our men,
When Satan would allure
When tempted, keep them pure;
Be their protection sure,—
God keep our men.

God lend our glorious men
Against the hosts of sin,
God lend our men,
Do Thou the victory send,
And, with the battle's end,
Triumphant peace extend,—
God lend our men.

God save our noble men,
Send them safe home again,
God save our men,
To Thee the praise belongs
For righting all our wrongs;
To Thee we lift our songs,—
God save our men.

RECENT DEATHS.

THOMAS SHARPE

Mr. Thomas Sharpe, a well known business man and a veteran of the Civil War, died at his home on Broadway on Sunday after a short illness, in his eighty-first year. Death was due to heart trouble and he was seriously ill for about a week.

Mr. Sharpe was born in Newport and at an early age was apprenticed to the late William Brownell to learn the tinmith's trade. More than forty years ago, he formed a partnership with the late Overton G. Langley and bought the Brownell business, continuing under the firm name of Langley & Sharpe for many years. In 1896, the partnership was dissolved and Mr. Sharpe opened a similar establishment on Pelham street, which he continued until his death.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Sharpe responded to the call for men, going out in Company F of the First Rhode Island Regiment, which was largely composed of Newport men, many of them members of the Newport Artillery Company. There are now but fourteen known survivors of this Company. Mr. Sharpe was a member of Company P, Association, and of Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R. He was formerly a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, F. & A. M., and of Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars.

He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Walter C. Goffe, two sisters, Mrs. Charles F. Williams and Miss Mary Ann Sharpe, and a brother, Mr. Joseph Sharpe.

Funeral services were held at his late residence on Wednesday, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes officiating. The members of Lawton-Warren Post attended, but there were no bearers. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

GEORGE H. WILMARTH

Mr. George H. Wilmarth died at his home on Kay street on Monday after a long period of ill health, an operation performed some time ago in Boston having failed to relieve him. He was a well known business man, and had spent his entire life in Newport. He was engaged in the awning and tent business established by his father some years ago. He is survived by a widow and three daughters.

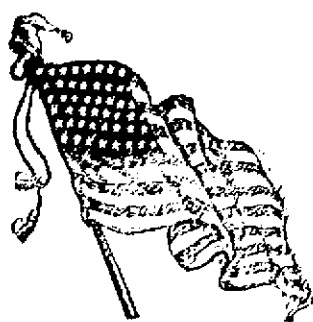
Captain Gideon Spencer, who died at his home in Cowesett on Sunday, was well known in Newport. He was a Past Department Commander of Rhode Island, G. A. R., and had been for nearly thirty years a member of the State Board for Soldiers' Relief. He served during the war as a member of the First Rhode Island Light Artillery and had a splendid record.

Col. Herbert Bliss has sold his sheet metal business on Touro street to Mr. Frederick A. Watson.

MIDDLETOWN

From our Regular Correspondent.

Under the direction of the Steward, Mr. Russell Morgan Peckham, the following young men gave an amusing burlesque at the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange, held last week at the town hall—Mr. Peckham, Stephen P. Barker, Laurence Peckham, Charles A. Sherman, James Mulligan and V. G. Vanicek. The playlet was entitled "The Paradise Club is Entertained," and included amusing "take-offs" on prominent local women. The costumes were very effective and the whole affair provoked continual laughter and applause. The entertainment having been given in conjunction with one conducted by the women last spring, when a Ladies' Minstrel performance was successfully presented. The two programs were judged by a committee comprising Worthy Master and Mrs. Jesse Durfee of Portsmouth



Grange, and Mrs. Wm. T. Wood of Nonquaket Grange, Stone Bridge. In giving the verdict, Mr. Durfee highly commended the young men for the cleverly arranged affair, but said that the committee felt that the entertainment presented by the women had taken much more time to prepare and a larger number of characters for so varied and extensive a program as was conducted, so the credit was given the women for the better entertainment. Mr. Durfee's remarks were greeted with applause, and Mr. Russell M. Peckham then presented Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, the chairman of the Minstrel's committee, the bouquet which had been given the men that evening. A considerable number of Patrons were present from Portsmouth Grange and also from Nonquaket Grange. On Thursday of next week, Mr. and Mrs. John Nicholson, a former Past Master and Past Center of this Grange, will be in charge of the evening's entertainment.

It is perhaps seldom that one town can boast of two men who were born on February 20th. John Dring of Honeyman Hill, one of the oldest citizens, was born Feb. 20, 1836. Julian P. Peckham of Paradise avenue was born Feb. 20, 1888, neither being able to properly observe their natal days, except in leap year. Considerable is made of the events when they do occur.

The Paradise Club devoted its regular meeting last week to a "Patriotic Afternoon," Miss Amy Barker of Paradise avenue acting as the hostess. Under the direction of Mrs. Benjamin W. H. Peckham and Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham a somewhat elaborate program of readings, poems, patriotic music and literary games, etc., was conducted, the books mainly used being the annual Flag Day book for the schools, and "A Glimpse of Fifty Years," a Lincoln Day book used at the M. E. Churches. The room was extensively decorated in flags, crepe paper effects, Liberty Bells, etc., and portraits of Washington and Lincoln occupied prominent positions. As has been the custom all winter, the members worked throughout the afternoon on surgical dressings. The secretary, Mrs. Edward J. Peckham, read a long and interesting letter from the former treasurer, Mrs. Wm. C. Hubbell, to the Club, describing the aviation field at San Antonio, Texas, where her husband, Lieutenant Hubbell, has been stationed for the past two months. Mrs. Hubbell joined him in February. Mrs. Hubbell also expressed her thanks and appreciation of the parting gift sent her by the Club the night she left.

Russell Morgan Peckham, who completed last week the enumeration of the public school census, gives the following figures: Total number of children 504, boys 233, girls 261, as against last year's figures a considerable gain. The enumeration for 1917 was: Total 447, boys 231, girls 216. This looks like a prospect for another new schoolhouse before long.

George Michael Smith, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Smith, of Third Beach Road, who is in the Naval Reserves on sea duty, was home on Saturday for a few hours' leave of absence.

Mr. Laurence Champlin of Forest avenue, who has been acting corporal at Camp Devens, has returned home on account of an injured knee cap. He has been given an honorable discharge by the medical authorities. The knee has been in poor condition for an extended period even before he entered the service, although he was accepted in spite of it when examined.

Miss Emily Diman entertained St. Columba's Guild on Tuesday at her apartments at St. George's School, at their monthly business meeting. There was a large attendance. It was voted to contribute the \$28 recently made at the Berkeley Parish House through the musical given by the students from St. George's School, to the Syrian and Armenian Relief fund. The Rector at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, Rev. I. Harding Hughes, is planning also to donate the offering, both at the Chapel in the morning and at the Parish House in the evening to the same purpose. He expects to give an address at the Chapel on the subject, and Prof. Paul T. Christie from the School will speak before the Sunday School.

Rev. Dwight W. Hadley of Medford, Mass., a classmate of Rev. Mr. Hughes, Chaplain at St. George's School, will be the preacher at the School on Friday afternoon at the weekly Lenten service. The subject of the Lenten service at the Berkeley Parish House Thursday evening was "The Prophets," Rev. Mr. Hughes officiating.

Wednesdays of each week are being devoted to all-day meetings on Red Cross worthy Holy Cross guild, with a Lenten service at 3 p. m., conducted by the rector, Rev. Everett P. Smith. On next Wednesday the Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions of the churches of St. Mary's and the Holy Cross will hold a business session from 2 to 3 p. m., in place of their usual monthly meeting.

Mr. Alfred Hazard of Greene End avenue is ill at his home and under the care of a physician. He has been ailing for a long period.

Long Live The King

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—The crown prince of Livonia, Ferdinand William Otto, ten years old, taken by his aunt to the opera, the day of the king's coronation, and there makes the acquaintance of Bobby Thorpe, a little American boy.

CHAPTER II—Returning to the palace at night the crown prince finds everything in an uproar as a result of the search for him. The chancellor impresses on the old king the boy's fatherless condition, and the need for better protection of the crown prince and suggests that the friendship of the neighboring king of Krania be cemented by giving the prince a dowry in marriage to him. The old king daily agrees.

CHAPTER III—Hedwig herself, who loves Nikky Larisch, and the king's decision.

CHAPTER IV—Countess Loschek, lady in waiting to Annunziata, in love with Karl of Krania, is jealous of Hedwig. She plots to start a revolt in Livonia by sending a code letter to Karl telling him of conditions in the country. Peter Nikky, who was to deliver the message, is betrayed by a fellow clerk, Herman Spier.

CHAPTER V—Nikky is robbed of the message, and a dummy letter substituted. Captain Larisch, unaware of the substitution, holds up Karl's chauffeur and secures the envelope.

CHAPTER VI—Black Humbert, prominent among the Terrorists, decodes Countess Loschek's message with the aid of a student named Isaacel, a police spy, whom the Terrorists are holding prisoner.

CHAPTER VII—Captain Larisch imperiousness Karl's chauffeur and exchanges the sheet within the letter for some cigarette papers. On delivering the note to Karl, Larisch is made prisoner when the deception is discovered. Hedwig's consent to the marriage is obtained. Nikky, who is to deliver the message, concludes the arrangements for the marriage and leaves for Weddell, King Karl's hunting lodge.

CHAPTER VIII—On the way to Weddell, Captain Larisch's party finds Karl's chauffeur, with whom Larisch had changed clothes, bound and gagged. They release him and proceed with him to the king's hunting lodge. The chauffeur escapes. Mettlich and King Karl reach a satisfactory arrangement as to the marriage, and Karl releases Larisch, after telling him of the coming wedding.

CHAPTER IX—Old Adelbert, crippled veteran, long an attendant at the opera, loses his position and becomes embittered against the king and the chancellor.

CHAPTER X—Countess Loschek finds her room in the palace searched and incriminating documents stolen. She also finds a summons to appear before the Committee of Ten, revolutionary tribunal, and goes, and is ordered to assist in the kidnapping of the crown prince, under threat of having her duplicity revealed to Chancellor Mettlich. She is given a week to consider.

CHAPTER XI—Hedwig, in desperation at the thought of the marriage with Karl, urges Larisch to elope with her. He points out the impossibility of the scheme and leaves Hedwig in despair.

CHAPTER XII—Mettlich, knowing of the attachment between Hedwig and Captain Larisch, points out to the latter the impossibility of his marrying the princess and secures from him a promise never to desert the crown prince.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Gate of the Moon.

A curious friendship had sprung up between old Adelbert and Bobby Thorpe. In off hours, after school, the boy hung about the ticket taker's booth, swept now to a wonderful cleanliness and adorned within with pictures cut from the illustrated papers.

Outwardly Adelbert was peaceful. The daughter now received his pension in full, and wrote comforting letters. But his resentment and bitterness at the loss of his position at the opera continued, even grew.

For while he had now even a greater wage, and could eat three meals, besides second breakfast and afternoon coffee, down deep in his heart old Adelbert felt that he had lost caste. The opera—that was a setting! He had been, then, of the elect. And now, to what had he fallen! To selling tickets for an American catchpenny scheme, patronized by butchers, by housemaids, by the common people—a noisy, uproarious crowd, that nevertheless counted their change with suspicious eyes, and brought lunches in paper boxes, which they scattered about.

There was, however, a consolation. He had ordered a new uniform. Not for twenty years had he ventured the extravagance, and even now his cautious soul quailed at the price. For the last half dozen years he had stumped through the streets, painfully aware of shabbiness, of a shiny back of patches, when, on the anniversary of the great battle to which he had sacrificed a leg, the veterans marched between lines of cheering people.

Now, on this approaching anniversary, he could go peacefully, nay, even proudly. The uniform was of the best cloth, and on its second fitting showed already its marvel of tailoring.

On an evening a week before the parade would occur, he got out his boots. He bought always large boots with straight soles, the right not much different from the left in shape. Thus he managed thriftily to wear, on his one leg, first one of the pair, then the other. But they were both worn now, and because of the cost of the new uniform, he could not buy others.

Armed with the better of the two he visited the cobbler's shop, and there met with bitter news.

"A patch here, and a new heel, comrade," he said. "With that and a polishing, it will do well enough for marching."

The usual group was in the shop, mostly young men, a scattering of gray heads. The advocates of strange doctrines, most of them. Old Adelbert disapproved of them, regarded them with a sort of contempt.

Now he felt that they snubbed behind his back. It was his clothing he felt. He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully. He no longer felt ashamed be-

fore them. Already, although the tailor still pressed his seams and marked upon it with chalk, he was clad in the dignity of the new uniform.

He turned and nodded to them. "A fine evening," he said. "If this weather holds, we will have a good day for the marching." He squinted a faded eye at the sky outside.

"What marching?" Old Adelbert turned on the speaker sharply. "Probably you have forgotten," he said scornfully, "but in a week comes an anniversary there are many who will remember. The day of a great battle. Perhaps," he added, "if you do not know of what I speak, there are some here who will tell you."

"It is the way of the old to live in the past," a student said. Then, imitating old Adelbert's majestic tone: "We, we live in the future. Eh, comrades?" He turned to the old soldier: "You have not seen the bulletins?"

"Bulletins?" "There will be no marching, my friend. The uniform now—that is a pity. Perhaps the tailor—" His eyes mocked.

"No marching?" "An order of the council. It seems that the city is bored by these ancient reminders. It is for peace, and would forget wars. And processions are costly. We grow thrifty. Bands and fireworks cost money, and money, my hero, is scarce—very scarce."

Again the group laughed. After a time he grasped the truth. There was such an order. The cause was given as the king's illness.

"Since when," demanded old Adelbert angrily, "has the sound of his soldiers' marching disturbed the king?"

"The sound of wooden legs annoys him," observed the mocking student, lighting a cigarette. "He would hear only pleasant sounds, such as the noise of tax money pouring into his vaults. Me—I can think of a pleasant: the tolling of the cathedral bell, at a certain time, will be music to my ears!"

Old Adelbert stood, staring ahead. At last he went out into the street, muttering, "They shame us before the people," he said quickly.

The order of the council had indeed been issued, a painful business over which Mettlich and the council had pondered long. For, in the state of things, it was deemed unwise to permit any gathering of the populace en masse. Mobs lead to riots, and riots again to mobs. Five thousand armed men, veterans, but many of them in their prime, were in themselves a danger. And on these days of anniversary it had been the custom of the university to march also, a guard of honor. Sedition was rife among the students.

The order was finally issued. Old Adelbert was ill that night. He tossed about in a fever. His body ached, even the leg which so long ago had moldered in its shallow grave on a battlefield. For these things happen. By morning he was better, but he was a different man. His eyes glowed. His body twitched. He was stronger, too, for now he broke his sword across his knee, and flung the pieces out of the window. And with them went the last fragment of his old loyalty to his king.

Old Adelbert was now, potentially, a traitor.

On the morning after Adelbert had turned his back on his king, Bobby Thorpe rose early, so early, indeed, that even Peppy still slept in her narrow bed, and the milk sellers had not started on their rounds. The early rising was a mistake, owing to a watch which had strangely gained an hour.

Somewhat disconsolately, he wandered about. Heavy quiet reigned. From a window he watched the meat seller hang out a freshly killed deer. Just brought from the mountains. He went downstairs and out on the street, past the niece of the concierge, who was scrubbing the stairs.

"I'm going for a walk," he told her.

"If they send Peppy down you might tell her I'll be back for breakfast."

He stood for a time surveying the deer. Then he decided to go hunting himself. The meat seller obligingly gave him the handle of a floor brush, and with this improvised gun Bobby went deer stalking. His dog trotted at his heels.

Around the old city gate, still standing although the wall of which it had been a part was gone, there was excellent hunting. Here they killed and skinned a bear, took the ivory tusks from a dead elephant, and searched for the trail of a tiger.

The gate was an excellent place for a tiger. Around it was planted an almost impenetrable screen of evergreens, so thick that the ground beneath was quite bare of grass. Here the two hunters crawled on stomachs like dead leaves to feel a trifle empty, and here they happened on the trail.

Tucker found it first. His stumpy tail grew rigid. Nose to the ground, he crawled and wriggled through the undergrowth, Bobby at his heels. And now Bobby saw the trail, footprints. It is true that they resembled those of heavy boots with nails. But on the other hand, no one could say surely that the nail marks were not those of claws.

Tucker circled about. The trail grew more exciting. Bobby had to crawl on hands and feet under and through thickets. Branches had been broken as by the passage of some large body. The sportsman clutched his weapon and went on.

An hour later the two hunters returned for breakfast. Washing did something to restore the leader to a normal appearance, but a wondering family discovered him covered with wounds and strangely silent.

"Why, Bob, where have you been?" his mother demanded. "Why, I never saw so many scratches!"

"I've been hunting," he replied briefly. "They don't hurt, anyhow."

Then he relapsed into absorbed silence. His mother, putting cream on his cereal, placed an experienced hand on his forehead. "Are you sure you feel well, dear?" she asked. "I think your head is a little hot."

"I'm all right, mother."

She was wisely silent, but she ran over in her mind the spring treatment for children at home. The blood, she felt, should be thinned after a winter of sausages and rich cocoa. She eventually searched her medicine case.

A strange thing happened that day. A broken plate disappeared from the upper shelf of a closet, where Peppy had hidden it; also a cup with a nick in it, similarly concealed; also the heel of a loaf of bread. Nor was that the end. For three days a sort of magic reigned in Peppy's kitchen. Tea potatoes, laid out to peel, became eight. Matches and two ends of candle walked out, as it were, on their own feet. A tin pan with a hole in it left the kitchen table and was discovered hiding in Bobby's bureau, when the Franklin put away the washing.

The governess protested that he heard nothing she told him, and was absent-minded at his lessons. But as she was always protesting about something, no one paid any attention. Bobby drew ahead on his pocket allowance without question, and as his birthday was not far off, asked for "the dollar to grow on" in advance. He always received a dollar for each year, which went into the bank, and a dollar to grow on, which was his own to spend.

With the dollar he made a number of purchases—candles and candlestick, a toy pistol and caps, one of the masks for the carnival, now displayed in all the windows, a kitchen knife, wooden plates, and a piece of bacon.

Now and then he appeared at the scene railway, abstracted and viewing with a calculating eye the furnishings of the engine room and workshop. From there disappeared a broken chair, a piece of old carpet, discarded from a car, and a large padlock, but the latter he asked for and obtained.

His occasional visits to the railway, however, found him in old Adelbert's shack. He filled his pockets with charcoal from the pall beside the stove, and made cautious inquiries as to methods of cooking potatoes. But the pall of old Adelbert's gloom penetrated at last even through the boy's abstraction.

"I hope your daughter is not worse," he said politely, during one of his visits to the ticket booth.

"She is well. She recovers strength rapidly."

"And the new uniform—does it fit you?"

"I do not know," said old Adelbert sadly. "I have not seen it recently."

"On the day of the procession we are all going to watch for you. I'll tell you where we will be, so you can look for us."

"There will be no procession."

Taken to the boy old Adelbert poured out the bitterness of his soul. He showed where he had torn down the king's picture, and replaced it with one of a dying saint. He reviewed his days in the hospital, and the hardships through which he had passed, to come to this. The king had forgotten his brave men.

During the rest of the day Bobby considered. No less a matter than the sharing of a certain secret occupied his mind. Now, half the pleasure of a secret is sharing it, naturally, but it should be with the right person. And his old playfellow was changed. Bobby, reflecting, wondered whether old Adelbert would really care to join his pirate crew, consisting of Tucker and himself. On the next day, however, he put the matter to the test, having resolved that old Adelbert needed distraction and cheering.

"You know," he said, talking through the window of the booth, "I think when I grow up I'll be a pirate."

"There be worse trades," said old Adelbert, whose hand was now against every man.

"And hide treasure," Bobby went on. "In a—in a cave, you know?" Bobby edged closer to the window. "I've got the cave already."

"So?"

"Here, in the park. It is a great secret."

"A cave—here in the park?"

"I'll take you, if you'd like to see it." Old Adelbert was puzzled. The park offered, so far as he knew, no place for a cave. It was a plain, the site of the old wall, and now planted in grass and flowers. He himself had seen it graded and sown. A caveat?

"Where?"

"That's a secret. But I'll show it to you, if you won't tell."

Old Adelbert agreed to silence.

Until midday, when the railway opened for business, the old soldier was free. So the next morning, due precautions having been taken, the two conspirators set off. Three, rather, for Tucker, too, was now of the band of the black flag.

Outside the thicket Bobby hesitated. "I ought to blindfold you," he said. "But I guess you'll need your eyes. It's a hard place to get to."

Perhaps, had he known the difficulties ahead, old Adelbert would not have gone on. And, had he turned back then, the history of a certain kingdom of Europe would have been changed. Maps, too, and school books, and the life story of a small prince. But he went on. Stronger than his young guide, he did not crawl, but bent aside the stiff and ungainly branches of the firs. He battled with the thicket, and came out victorious.

Although he made no threat, she had shivered. No, there must be no word of the committee, or of the terror that drove her to Karl. For, if the worst happened, if he failed her, and she must do the thing they had set her to do, Karl must never know. That card she must play alone.

Everything hung on the result of her errand. If Karl persisted, if he would marry Hedwig in spite of the trouble it would precipitate, then indeed she was lost. If, on the other hand, he was inclined to peace, if her story of a tottering throne held his mind, she would defy the committee of ten. Karl himself would help her to escape, might indeed hide her. It would not be for long. Without Karl's support the king's death would bring the terrorists into control. They would have other things to do than to hunt her out. Their end would be gained without her. Let them steal the crown prince, then. Let Hedwig fight for her throne and lose it. Let the streets run deep with blood and all the pandemonium of hell break loose.

But if Karl failed her. She clutched her teeth.

The countess did not sleep. She was, with every fiber of her keen brain, ammunition her arguments. She would need them, for she knew—none better—how great a handiwork was hers. She loved Karl, and he knew it. What had been her strength had become her weakness.

Yet she was composed enough when, before the sun was well up, the machine drew up in the village before the inn where Mettlich had spent his uneasy hours.

She had expected to go to the lodge, but at nine o'clock that night Karl came to her, knocking at the door of her room and entering without waiting for permission.

The room was small and cozy with a freight. Her scarlet cloak, hung over a chair, made a dash of brilliant color. Two lighted candles on a high curved chest, and between them a plaster figure of the Mother and Child, a built-in bed with white curtains—that was the room.

Before the open fire Olga Loschek sat in her low chair. She wore still her dark dress; and a veil, ready to be donned at the summons of a message from Karl, trailed across her knee. In the freighth she looked very young—youthful and weary. Karl, who had come hardened to a scene, found her appealing, almost pathetic.

She rose at his entrance and, after a moment of surprise, smiled faintly. But she said nothing, nor did Karl, until he had lifted one of her cold hands, and brushed it with his lips.

"Well!" he said. "And again, Olga?"

"Once again."

She looked up at him. Yes, he was changed. The old Karl would have taken her in his arms. This new Karl was urbane, smiling, uneasy.

"There is nothing wrong, is there?" he said. "Your note alarmed me. Not the note, but your coming here."

"I was anxious. And there were things I felt you should know."

"What things?"

"The truth about the king's condition, for one. He is dying. The bulletins lie. He is no better."

"So!" said Karl uneasily. "But the chancellor assured me—" He stopped. It was not yet time to speak of the chancellor's visit.

"The chancellor! He lies, of course. How bad things are you may judge when I tell you that a hidden passage from the palace has been opened and cleared, ready for instant flight."

It was Karl's turn to be startled. He rose, and stood staring down at her. "Are you certain of that?"

"Certain!" She laughed bitterly. "The terrorists—revolutionists, they call themselves—are everywhere. They know everything, see everything. Mettlich's agents are disappearing one by one. No one knows where, but all suspect. Student meetings are prohibited. The yearly procession of veterans is forbidden, for they trust none, even their old soldiers. The council meets day after day in secret session."

"But the army—"

"They do not trust the army."

Karl's face was grave. Something of the trouble in Livonia he had known. But this argued an immediate crisis.

"On the king's death," the countess said, "a republic will be declared. The republic of Livonia! The crown prince will never return."

"So you came today to tell me this?" She glanced up, and catching his eyes, colored faintly. "These are things you should know."

He knew her very well. A Judaea woman would not tell him the news that she was in a republic. When he spoke it was with a certain defiance. "You mean, in view of my impending marriage?"

But he did not look back to his chest. He went instead to the thicket around the gate.

There it lay! Cried Bobby.

He was not so old, then, or so feeble. His arm would have been strong for the king, had not—

"There it is!" cried Bobby. Not a cave, it appeared at first. A low doorway, barred with an iron grating, and padlocked. A doorway in the base of a side wall of the gate, and so heaped with leaves that its lower half was covered.

Bobby produced a key. "I broke the padlock that was on it," he explained. "I smashed it with a stone. But I got another. I always lock it."

Prolonged search produced the key. Old Adelbert's face was set hard. On what dungeon had this boy stumbled? It was strange.

Bobby was removing the lent-wood with his hands. "It was almost all covered when I found it," he said, industriously scrapping.

The door swung in, silently, as though the hinges had been recently oiled; as indeed they had, but not by the boy.

"It's rather dirty," he explained. "You go down steps first. Be very careful."

He extended an earthy hand and led the old man down. "It's dark here, but there's a room below; quite a good room. And I have candles."

Truly, a room. Built of old brick, and damp, but with a free circulation of air. Old Adelbert stared at him. It was not entirely dark. A bit of light entered from the aperture at the head of the steps. By it, even before Bobby had lighted his candle, he saw the broken chair, the piece of old carpet, and the odds and ends the child had brought.

Old Adelbert felt curiously shaken. "None have visited this place since you have been here?" he asked.

"I don't suppose any one knows about it. Do you?"

"Those who built it, perhaps. But it is old, very old. It is possible."

He stopped, lost in speculation. There had been a story once of a passageway under the wall, but he recollected nothing clearly. A passageway leading out beyond the wall, through which, in a great siege, a messenger had been sent for help. But that was a passage; while this was a dungeon.

The candle was at last lighted. It burned fitfully, illuminating only a tiny zone in the darkness.

"I need a lantern," Bobby observed. "There's a draft here. It comes from the other grating. Some time, when you have time, I'd like to see what's beyond it. I was kind of nervous about going alone."

It was the old passage, then, of course. Old Adelbert stared at Bobby took the candle and held it toward a second grated door, like the first, but taller.

A close examination revealed to old Adelbert two things: First, that a brick-lined passage, apparently in good repair, led beyond the grating. Second, that it had been recently put in order. No unused passage this, but one kept in order and repair. For what?

That evening Adelbert called to see his friend, the locksmith in the university place. He possessed, he said, a padlock of which he had lost the key, and which, using fastened to a chest, he was unable to bring with him. A large and heavy padlock, perhaps the size of his palm.

When he left, he carried with him a bundle of keys, tied in a brown paper.

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A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find that every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

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Druggists sell it in **New 50 Cent Size** and the regular \$1.00 size bottles. Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail. Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rensselaer, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Mistletoe Balm for all diseases or inflammations of the throat.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table Revised February 15, 1918.
Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6:55, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:35 (for Fall River), 8:10 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 6:55, 7:55, 11:10 a. m., 3:10, 5:00, 8:10 p. m.
Taunton and Portsmouth—6:55, 11:10 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:35 (Portsmouth only), 8:10 p. m.
Fall River—6:55, 8:15, 11:15 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:35, 8:10 p. m.
Middleboro—11:15 a. m., 3:15 p. m.
New Bedford—8:15, 11:10 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:35, 8:10 p. m.
Providence (via Fall River)—6:55, 8:15, 11:10 a. m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:35, 8:10 p. m.



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A Pacifist.

The newcomer had hardly seated himself in the railway compartment before he began to talk, relates London Tit-Bits. "I am a pacifist," said he in a voice as if he wanted to disarm all interruption. "If we can't beat the enemy in three years it's time we started waving the olive branch instead of the sword."

Just then a severe feminine face inserted itself at the carriage window. "Is there a John Tamson here? Aye, there he is. Cum oot o' that smokin' carriage, ye heathen, before I tak' ye by the lug. Dae ye think your wife's a haddie for the curin'?"

John Tamson left, and the astonished silence which followed was broken by one passenger, remarking: "Puir fellow, nae wonder he's a pacifist. It's mair nor three years o' war he's had, I'm thinkin'."

Paper Money's Nicknames.

Now that paper money is a permanent part of our pocket currency, we want the inevitable nicknames for the notes, which is sure to come, says the London Chronicle.

If we follow the precedent set across the Atlantic in 1862, when "greenbacks" first made their appearance, we might be satisfied with "Westminster," with reference to the very admirable lithograph of the palace which adorns the reverse of the new notes. Something better than that is sure to come along. In the army the notes are known as "C's," in jocular allusion to the remarkably narrow chest which the artist has given St. George, who is in contact with a very robust dragon.

LONG LIVE THE KING

Continued from page 2.

intelligence, to try to succeed."

Nevertheless, he left her well guarded. Even Minna, slipping off for an evening hour with a village sweetheart, was stealthily shadowed. Before this, fine ladies had changed gowns with their maids and escaped from divers unpleasantnesses.

At the end of two days the countess was able to be up. She moved languidly about her room, still too weak to plan.

And on the fourth day came the crown prince of Livonia on a pilgrimage.

The manner of his coming was this: There are more ways than one of reaching the hearts of an uneasy people. Remission of taxes is a bad one. It argues a mistake in the past, in exacting such taxes. Governments may make errors, but must not acknowledge them. There is the freeing of political prisoners, but that, too, is dangerous, when such prisoners breathe sedition to the very prison walls.

And there is the appeal to sentiment. The government, plunging all its hopes to one small boy, would further endeavor him to the people. Why statesman that he was, the chancellor had lit on this to offset the rumors of Hedwig's marriage.

"A pilgrimage!" said the king, when the matter was broached to him. "For what? My recovery? Cannot you let your servant depart in peace?"

"Pilgrimages," observed the chancellor, "have had marvelous results, sire. I do not insist that they perform miracles, as some believe,"—he smiled faintly—"but as a matter of public feeling and a remedy for discord, they are sometimes efficacious."

"I see," said the king. And lay still, looking at the ceiling.

"Can it be done safely?" he asked at last.

"The maddest traitor would not threaten the crown prince on a pilgrimage. The people would tear him limb from limb."

"Nevertheless, I should take all precautions," said the king. "A madman might not recognize the—or—religious nature of the affair."

The same day the chancellor visited Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and found him returned from his drive and busy over Hedwig's photograph frame.

"It is almost done," he said. "I slipped over in one or two places, but it is not very noticeable, is it?"

The chancellor observed it judiciously, and decided that the slipping over was not noticeable at all.

"Otto," said the chancellor gravely, "I want to talk to you very seriously about something I would like you to do. For your grandfather."

"I'll do anything for him, sir."

"We know that. This is the point. He has been ill for a long time. Very ill."

The boy watched him with a troubled face. "He looks very thin," he said. "I get quite worried when I see him."

"Exactly. You have heard of Etzel?" Prince Ferdinand William Otto's religious instruction was of the best. He had, indeed, heard of Etzel. He knew the famous pilgrimages in order and could say them rapidly, beginning the year of Our Lord 915—the Emperor Otto and Adelheid, his spouse; the year of Our Lord 1100, Ulrich, Count of Rulburg; and so on.

"When people are ill," he said sagely, "they go to Etzel to be cured." "Precisely. But when they cannot go they send some one else, to pray for them. And sometimes, if they have faith enough, the holy miracle happens and they are cured."

The chancellor was deeply religious, and although he had planned the pilgrimage for political reasons, for the moment, he lost sight of them. What if, after all, this clear-eyed, clean-hearted child could bring this miracle of the king's recovery? It was a famous shrine, and stranger things had been brought about by less worthy agencies.

"I thought," he said, "that if you would go to Etzel, Otto, and there pray for your grandfather's recovery, it would be a good thing."

The meaning of such a pilgrimage dawned suddenly on the boy. His eyes filled, and because he considered it unmanly to weep, he hid from his chair and went to the window.

"I'm afraid he's going to die," he said, in a smothered voice.

The chancellor followed him to the window, and put an arm around his shoulders. "Even that would not be so terrible, Otto," he said. "Death, to the old, is not terrible. It is an open door, through which they go gladly, because—because those who have gone ahead are waiting just beyond it."

"Are my mother and father waiting?"

"Yes, Otto."

He considered. "And my grandmother?"

"Yes."

"I'll be very glad to see them all again."

"Very happy, indeed. But we need him here, too, for a while. You need him—and I. So we will go and pray to have him wait a little longer before he goes away. How about it?"

"I'll try. I'm not very good. I do a good many things, you know."

Here, strangely enough, it was the chancellor who fumbled for his handkerchief. A vision had come to him of the two of them kneeling side by side at Etzel, the little lad who was "not very good," and he himself with his long years behind him of such things as fill a man's life. And because the open door was not so far ahead for him either, and because he believed implicitly in the great record within the gate, he shook his shaggy head.

So the pilgrimage was arranged. With due publicity, of course, and due precaution for safety. By train to the foot of the mountains, and then on foot for the ten miles to Etzel.

The crown prince went through his preparation in a sort of rapt solemn-

ity. So must the boy crusaders have looked on, starting on their long journey, they faced south and east, toward the far distant Squelcher of Our Lord. The king's council went, the chancellor, the mayor of the city, wearing the great gold chain of his office around his neck, and a handful of soldiers—a simple pilgrimage and the more affecting. There were no streaming banners, no magnificent vestments. The archbishop accompanied them, and a flag-bearer.

They went on foot to the railway station through lines of kneeling people, the boy still rapt, and looking straight ahead, the chancellor seemingly also absorbed, but keenly alive to the crowds. As he went on, his face relaxed. It was as if the miracle had already happened. Not the miracle for which the boy would pray, but a greater one. Surely these kneeling people, gazing with moist and kindly eyes at the crown prince, could not, at the last words of demagogues, turn into the mob he feared. But it had happened before. The people who had, one moment, adored the Dauphin of France on his balcony at Versailles, had lived to scream for his life.

The countess, standing on her balcony and staring down into the valley, beheld the pilgrimage and had thus her first knowledge of it. She was incredulous at first, and stood gazing, gripping the stone railing with tense hands. She watched, horror-stricken. The crown prince, himself, came to Etzel to pray! For his grandfather, of course. Then, indeed, must things be bad with the king, as bad as they could be.

The church doors closed behind them. Olga Loschek fell on her knees. She was shaking from head to foot. And because the religious training of her early life near the shrine had given her faith in miracles, she prayed for one. Rather, she made a bargain with God:

If any word came to her from Karl, nay, no matter to what it pertained, she would take it for a sign, and attempt flight. If she was captured, she would kill herself.

But, if no word came from Karl by the hour of her departure the next morning, then she would do the thing she had set out to do, and let him beware! The king dead, there would be no king. Only over the dead bodies of the Livonians would they let him marry Hedwig and the throne. It would be war.

Curiously, while she was still on her knees, her bargain made, the plan came to her by which, when the time came, the terrorists were to rouse the people to even greater fury. Still kneeling, she turned it over in her mind. It was possible. More, it could be made plausible, with her assistance.

And at the vision it evoked—Metzli's horror and rage, Hedwig's pining tears, her own triumph—she took a deep breath. Revenge with a vengeance, retaliation for old hurts and fresh injuries, these were what she found on her knees, while the bell in the valley commenced the mass, and a small boy, very rapt and very earnest, prayed for his grandfather's life.

Yet the bargain came very close to being made the other way that day, and by Karl himself.

On the day of the pilgrimage Karl found himself strangely restless and uneasy. Olga Loschek haunted him, her face when he had told her about the letter, her sagging figure when he had left her.

Something like remorse stirred on him. She had taken great risks for him. Of all the women he had known, she had most truly and unselfishly loved him.

Very nearly did he swing the scale in which Olga Loschek had hung her bargain with God—so nearly that in the intervals of affixing his sprawling signature to various documents, he drew a sheet of note paper toward him. Then, with a shrug, he pushed it away. So Olga Loschek lost her bargain.

At dawn the next morning the countess, still pale with illness and burning with fever, went back to the city.

"Thus," said the conclave, frying omelets over his stove—"thus have they always done. But you have been blind. Rather, you would not see."

Old Adelbert stirred uneasily. "So long as I accept my pension—"

"Why should you not accept your pension? A trifle in exchange for what you gave. For them, who now ill use you, you have gone through life but half a man. But one use they have for us, you and me, my friend—to tax us."

"The taxes are not heavy," quoth old Adelbert.

"There are some who find them so."

The conclave heaped his guest's plate with omelets.

Old Adelbert played with his steel fork. "I was a good patriot," he observed nervously, "until they made me otherwise."

"I will make you a better. A patriot is one who is zealous for his country and its welfare. That means much. It means that when the established order is bad for a country, it must be changed. Not that you and I may benefit. God knows, we may not live to benefit. But that Livonia may free her neck from the foot of the oppression and raise her head among nations."

From which it may be seen that old Adelbert had at last joined the revolutionary party, an uneasy and unhappy recruit. It is true, but—a recruit. "If only some half measure would suffice," he said, giving up all pretense of eating. "This talk of rousing the mob, of rioting and violence, I do not like them."

"Then has age turned the blood in your veins to water?" said the conclave contemptuously. "Half measure! Since when has a half measure been useful? Did half measures win in your boasted battles? And what half measures would you propose?"

Old Adelbert sat silent. Now and then, because his mouth was dry, he took a sip of beer from his tankard. The conclave ate, taking huge mouth-

Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Charles H. Fletcher
and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Burroughs Statement Machine



The Burroughs Statement Machine prints Months, Dates, "Dr.," "Cr.," "Bal.," makes carbon copies, etc.

It can be furnished in the visible printing style of machine—or with the famous Duplex feature, for storing away balances and giving automatic total of all statements sent out.

It insures accuracy in every statement and sends them out on time.

When your Statements are out it can be used the balance of the month on all your figure work—making complete, accurate records possible.

No cost or obligation to try it out in your own office or store, on your own work.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

FRED FAVOR, Sales Manager.

17 North House St., Providence, R. I.

log his feeble-hearted recruit with appraising eyes. To win him would mean honor, for old Adelbert, decorated for many braveries, was a power among the veterans. Where he led, others would follow.

"Make no mistake," said Black Humbert cynically. "We also at no bloodshed. A peaceful revolution, if possible. The king, being dead, will suffer not even humiliation. Let the royal family scatter where it will. We have no designs on women. The chancellor, however, must die."

"I make no plea for him," said old Adelbert bitterly. "I wrote to him also, when I lost my position, and received no reply. We passed through the same campaigns, as I reminded him, but he did nothing."

"As for the crown prince," observed the conclave, eyeing the old man over the edge of his tankard. "You know our plan for him. He will be cured for as my own child, until we get him beyond the boundaries. Then he will be safely delivered to those who know nothing of his birth. A private fund or the republic will support and educate him."

Old Adelbert's hands twitched. "He is but a child," he said, "but already he knows his rank."

"It will be wise for him to forget it," his tone was ominous. Adelbert glanced up quickly, but the terrorist had seen his error, and masked it with a grin. "Children forget easily," he said, "and by this secret knowledge of yours, old comrade, all can be peacefully done. Until you brought it to me, we were, I confess, fearful that force would be necessary. To admit the rabble to the palace would be dangerous. Mobs go mad at such moments. But now it may be effected."

Old Adelbert sat silent. Now and then, because his mouth was dry, he took a sip of beer from his tankard. The conclave ate, taking huge mouth-

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FOOD REGULATIONS MUST BE OBEYED

Dealers Who Should Have Licenses and Have Not Likely to be Ordered to Suspend Business—Must Apply at Once—Look for Pledge in Retail Store When Making Purchases.



The Food Administration, through its license department, has been conducting an active campaign against those dealers in foodstuffs who, being required to have a license, have failed to secure one. Several wholesale establishments have been ordered to close for one day pending the adjustment of the license matter.

On orders from Washington, Mr. Coats is planning to send to the Federal Administrator the name of every baker who is found violating the wheat rationing rule. Special agents are collecting samples of bread sold by the bakers, and examining them to find out if there is 20 per cent. of flour other than wheat flour.

The law now compels that every baker use at least 20 per cent. substitutes in every loaf turned out, and the revocation of the license is the penalty for violation of this provision. Mr. Hoover has telegraphed Mr. Coats that he expects absolute compliance in this respect and has asked for the name of every baker violating the rule, by telegraph, so that immediate action can be taken.

FISHERMEN LICENSED

All salt water fishermen must now have a Food Administration license. All dealers in salt water fish, including oysters, clams and lobsters, who do a business of \$100,000 a year, gross receipts, must also have a license. Application blanks may be secured at the Food Administration's office in the State House. The Inland Fish Commission also will supply blank forms to all asking for them.

One teaspoonful of sugar wasted by each person in the United States every day means 770 tons wasted per day or 281,000 tons wasted per year. This amount valued at ten cents a pound equals \$5,500,000.

Candy manufacturers are being encouraged to reduce the percentage of sugar in their products by the use of corn syrup and corn sugar, and by the use of hard filling with fruit paste, nut paste and other conservation ingredients. Candies made of chocolate, nuts, fruits and like materials have high food value.

All hotels and restaurants holding bakers' licenses will be required to print their license numbers upon all menu cards. The Food Administration announces. Bakers' licenses are required for all public eating places using as much as three barrels of flour a month.

RETAIL STORE PLEDGE

All consumers are urged by the Food Administration to protect themselves by looking in each grocery store where they make purchases, for the poster showing that the merchant has pledged himself to fair and moderate prices. There is now no reason, according to the Food Administration, why any retailer should not have an opportunity to sign this pledge and display the poster.

While the small retailer is not licensed, he is still fully subject to the provisions of the Food Control Law as to reasonable profits, and this pledge gives him an opportunity to publicly declare his loyalty and adhere to the rules of the Food Administration.

The campaign, which has been under way for a number of weeks, has resulted in the enrollment to date of more than 200,000 retail food merchants in all parts of the country. Any retailer who for any reason has thus far failed to obtain the pledge poster can readily get one by appealing to the salesmen of the whole food store from whom he buys his supplies.

AMERICAN MANNERS OF TODAY

Prevailing Bearing in Thoroughfares and Street Cars Indicates That Courtesy Is on the Decline.

As for manners, we are kindhearted as a people and civil when appealed to, but no one would suspect it if our bearing in thoroughfares and street cars be a criterion. The spirit of the age is first come, first served; to be valued only in favor of the crippled and the positively infirm. Courtesy in the old-fashioned sense—the deference of the young for the seniors, of the stronger for the weaker sex, of the vigorous for the frail—if not extinct is so sporadic as to be noticeable when manifested. Robert Grant writes in the Yale Review. The young men who push their way forward in public conveyances retain without compunction the seats for which they have struggled.

Here again we have the philosophy of the tired business man: "I got there first; we are all equals in the United States, and I want to read my newspaper." The apotheosis of naturalness, and in self-defense we all more or less subscribe to it; but after all, it is natural for pigs to struggle for places at a trough. Well may we ask ourselves if it is impossible to safeguard decency, initiative and equality except at the cost of all the social graces that prevailed when society was more

EDITH CAVELL'S COUSIN IN ARMY

Seeks Vengeance for Brutal Murder of His Boyhood Companion.

NOW IN THE SIGNAL CORPS

Rejected Many Times by Recruiting Officers in United States and Canada on Account of Small Size—Wants Blood for Blood.

Camp Gordon, Ga.—There is one lad wearing khaki in this camp who entered the army with a fixed determination to avenge a deeply seated private wrong.

He is Lawrence R. Cavell of Chicago, first cousin and boyhood companion of Edith Cavell, the English Red Cross nurse whose execution at the hands of a German firing squad in Brussels sent a thrill of horror through the world.

It was no easy matter for young Cavell to break into the army. Not until after several vain attempts, both in the United States and in Canada, did he succeed in getting himself straightened out on the first quarter of the course which he expects to lead to the satisfaction of his desire for revenge.

At the time of the murder of his cousin he was only eighteen and small for his years. His father had been engaged in business in Chicago since he had transplanted the family from the native heath in the county of Kent, England, some years before. Kent was also the ill-fated nurse's home, and as a very small boy young Cavell had developed an admiration and affection for his cousin, some ten or fifteen years his senior, that bordered almost on adoration.

Rejected by Canada.

Inexpressibly shocked by the news of his cousin's atrocious death, the boy immediately presented himself to the agents of the Canadian recruiting forces in Chicago for enlistment in the overseas service, but he was rejected on account of his age and size—he was many pounds underweight. He even went to Canada and brought all the political influence he could compass to bear in order to carry out his purpose, but again was turned down.

No one could have halted the entrance of America into the war with more real joy than he. It would give him his long awaited opportunity to gain some recompense for the murder of his cousin, he thought. He was again doomed to disappointment. A recruiting officer told him that he was too small. Nothing daunted, he carried his case to Washington in person and the matter was placed before the war department through an influential army officer in Chicago.

Permission was given him to volunteer in the signal corps, and this he did in Chicago last June. He has just been transferred to Camp Gordon as a member of the outpost company of the 317th signal battalion under Major Hemphill. Eagerly devoting himself to his duties and apt to learn, he already has been scheduled for the rank of top sergeant in his company. He also has developed his physique until now he is as hardy as the best soldier in the army. He hopes for a transfer to the aviation section, as it is the goal of his ambition to hurl bombs on the Boches from the air.

A visitor to Camp Gordon this week to see his son, Cavell's father called on Captain Allen of the outpost company and related the story of Lawrence's long baffled determination of revenge, a thing the boy himself had been too modest to do.

Like Older Sister to Him.

The father said the lad had been brought up in the same house in Kent with Miss Cavell, and that her relationship to him was rather that of a devoted elder sister than of a cousin. "It matters not what branch of service I am in," the boy told his father. "I shall be satisfied only when I have drawn blood for blood, and I pray God to live to see that day. I expect to. He will answer my prayer."

"Edith was murdered without a hearing in cold blood by the Kaiser. She was an English girl, and they sang the hate song over her dead body. I expect to sing the song of hate over the dead bodies of Germans. No sacrifice is too great, no punishment too severe, no hardship too trying; death itself a coveted reward, just so I am permitted to put bullets into German hearts as that firing squad under orders put them into my cousin's heart. I am in the war for a purpose and I shall accomplish it."

Deeply grieved as his hatred of the Teuton race had grown, Mr. Cavell said that his son had no quarrel with individual Germans. Scores of them in Chicago, he added, had expressed to his family their horrified resentment of the execution of Miss Cavell.

Chance to Marry Free.

Lorraine O.—Mayor L. M. Moore of Lorain has been moping two years, and has not yet performed a marriage ceremony. Now he wants to marry some couple before he becomes an "old" and before his powers as a matrimonial splicer expire.

"I have read up on the requirements and believe I can do a good job," said the mayor.

"All that I need is a couple. To the first applying I will marry them free, and give the bride a present."

Evidently She Had Not.

The small boy was teasing his mamma for ready all during the preparation for a trip downtown, when finally, exasperated, she said: "Claude, if you don't stop mother will be angry. If I see fit when we get there I'll buy some, and I will not."

NEWLYWEDS DINE ON STEW

Wife Prepares Dainty Morsel With Own Little Hands—But Physican Must Be Called for Hubby.

The cook had insisted on a day off, and young Mrs. Freshly-Wed was in a quandary and her stunning new house gown of twisted percale, muses the Detroit Free Press.

"I'll make a stew—anybody can make a stew!" she cried. And she proceeded to make a stew. In the kitchen she found seven frankfurters, a dozen fried oysters and three pickled herring.

"How fortunate—meat is the very important thing!" she exclaimed. And she chopped it all up and added three cups of salt and two of pepper so as to be sure not to forget the seasoning. Then—because she knew that a stew must have lots of variety—she put in a glass of olive oil, two table-spoonfuls of grated nutmeg, two packages of Saratoga chips, a can of salmon and a half cake of bitter chocolate.

At 6:30 Freshly-Wed came home—her Ben, stalwart and handsome, who had never known an hour's illness in his life.

"Phew!" he exclaimed. "What's that smell?"

"It's a stew I made for my wife my own little hands," she told him.

"Divine aroma!" cried Freshly-Wed, and forthwith sat down and ate two big platefuls, while his wife watched him so eagerly that she forgot to eat any herself.

Three hours later, in response to a hurry call, Doctor Blister drove up and rang the front doorbell. Query: Who was the patient, and why?

The Middlemen.

A farmer raised a peck of wheat beside the River Dee; a boarder ate a wheated loaf 'way down in Tennessee; the loaf the boarder fed upon cost half as much and more as did the farmer's peck of wheat a month or so before. "Now, why is this," the boarder raved, "they hold me up on bread?" "And why is wheat so bloomin' cheap?" the plodding farmer said.

A chap beyond the Rocky ridge raised 20 pounds of limes; another one in old New York was kicking on the times, for he had downed a glass of "ade," and, poor fellow, galled, had paid one-half the market price of 20 pounds of fruit. "Now, why is this," they ask me thus for this was step of "ade?" "And why," exclaimed the orchard man, "am I so poorly paid."

Now hold your horses steady there, you man beside the Dee; go easy there, you hungry chap in sunny Tennessee; restrain yourself, you orchard man, forbear this angry talk, and you beside the soda fountain in Little Old New York, remember this: Our food and drink, no matter where and when, must also be the food and drink of thirty middlemen.—Utica Globe.

Curious Burials.

The inhabitants of Mesopotamia have curious customs in the disposal of their dead. The corpse is carried to the grave dressed in ordinary clothes, with the face uncovered. Bodies are buried in shallow graves, and after a period dug up again, the bones being collected into a white linen bag and deposited in small buildings.

"One day," says an officer of the U. S. M. C., "I saw such a bag in a church; it was labelled with a woman's name. In a village near the Struma I have visited one of these storehouses of the bones of the departed. The bags most recently placed in it were still white and whole; others were whole, but stained brown by lime. Those that had been deposited in years past had rotted away."

PATRIOTIC RESTAURANT

One large New York restaurant is now serving wheat in any form on any day. Here is the official notice published by this restaurant:

"Our armies abroad and our Allies are in desperate need of wheat. It is a small sacrifice for Americans to substitute products of corn and oats to which they are more accustomed and which cannot be shipped abroad so well as wheat. We shall, therefore, not serve wheat in any form on any day. Tuesday, as usual, will be meatless day."

The United States Food Administration has issued an appeal to owners and operators of ice making and refrigerating plants to do everything within their power to stop all waste and leakage in their use of ammonia. "During 1918 the Government should have for munitions alone 20,000,000 pounds of ammonia more than it is possible to make by working all the plants producing ammonia in this country to their maximum capacity," the Food Administration declares.

It is earnestly hoped that the sufferings of this war may be the means of uniting the peoples of the world to declare in universal congress of human sentiment that this shall be the last great war. The mind reels at contemplation of the sacrifices of this military carnival, but if it should be the means of forever ending the destruction of life in masses of millions and drawing all mankind together, as many believe it will, the stupendous price may after all not have been too high. Future civilization will be erected upon the lives dedicated to liberty in Europe.

The United States authorities are to wipe out the German spy system in this country, and it is none too soon to begin this important work. The restraints of civilization put this and other countries at a disadvantage with a nation which admits of no restraints at all, either civilized or moral. But even these restraints allow methods of dealing effectively with unscrupulous foes in our power who are simply encouraged by any condonation or leniency.

CARRIE'S BIG WEDDING FEAST

Father Remembers His Days of Deceit When He Invites Guests for the Sumptuous Repast.

Twenty years ago Max Gotschneider landed in New York with a slim young wife, a baby girl that could just toddle, \$20 in money and a hopeful disposition. The first few weeks in the strange America was a period of such forlorn and homeless misery that Max never forgot them.

And so, when Max and Mrs. Max, no longer slim, sat in their fine house discussing the details of a celebration which might be suitable to signalize the engagement of the only daughter of a prosperous furrier to marry a rich young diamond merchant, Max had no idea, says the Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Mamma," he said, "you remember when we landed in New York—you and Carrie, our baby, and me? You remember how it was for us then? Well, we shall give a feast for our daughter, Carrie, and her young man, but we will give it to the people who are now like we were then. Our friends are happy. They are not hungry. They are not sorrowful because there is no one to cheer them up. They do not need a feast like the poor people that have come from the old country. Those are the people who shall enjoy our Carrie's wedding feast."

And so the feast was given, away down in East Broadway, in the building which is occupied by the Hebrew Immigrants' Sheltering Aid society, and which overflows now with hundreds of misery-stricken people from the countries at war in Europe.

There was a room where 150 persons could not sit at once. As soon as one crowd of 150 had finished, another came in. There were no invitations and no red tape. Max and Mrs. Max and the pretty Carrie and her proud husband-to-be stood at the door and smilingly welcomed all who came. There was chicken and duck and goose and gefilte fish. And everyone was welcome to all of everything.

Even the kids, who stealthily pilfered goodies were urged to pilfer more. And the feast brought joy and good cheer to a thousand people who are homeless in a strange land. And the spirit of kindness so permeated it all that Mamma Gotschneider, now and then, was compelled to wipe away a sympathetic tear. And after it was all over, Papa Gotschneider declared that his only regret would be that he had only one daughter to give a wedding feast for.

The Millennium.

Millennium is a term applied in theology to the thousand years during which Satan will be bound and the martyred saints live and reign with Christ—Revelations 20:2-3. This long triumph is to be preceded by the decisive victory of Christ over the adversary, and followed by a general resurrection and the temporary release of Satan; then come the last judgment and the new heaven and new earth—Revelations 19:21. All that is possibly told respecting the millennium can be read in the Scriptures. To the passages indicated various interpretations have been given, and upon the literal interpretation various theories have been built.

Attempts to fix the date of the advent, the second coming, the dawn of the millennium, have been proved by lapse of time to have been failures. Some of the dates that have been fixed for the beginning of the millennium have been 1785, by a man named Sullivan; 1839, by Bengel; 1843, by Miller; 1868, 1867 and 1868, by Doctor Cumming; and 1890, by the Mormon church.

The First Lessons.

The happy and prosperous children are those who have before all else the education that comes by reverence, writes Amelia E. Barr. This education is beyond all doubt the highest, the deepest, the widest and the most perfect of all the forms of education ever given to man. A child that has not been taught to reverence God, and all that represents God to man—honor, honesty, justice, mercy, truth, love, courage, self-sacrifice, is sent into the world like a boat sent out to sea, without rudder, ballast, compass or captain. The manipulation table can wait until the child has been taught to reverence all that is holy, wise and good, and the imagination received its first impulse.

ECZEMA WHEN NOT ONE YEAR OLD

On Neck and Head, In Water Blisters, Itched and Never Slept. Cried Constantly.

HEALED BY CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"I was not a year old when I first got eczema. It came around my neck and my head in the form of water blisters that burst. My skin was sore and I had my flesh torn to pieces from the itching. I never slept and I cried constantly. What pain I had on my head came out completely."

"My mother was about giving up all hopes. After months of sleepless nights, after for me, a friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment. She persevered and after she had used six boxes of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and eight boxes of Cuticura Soap I was healed." (Signed) Miss Carrie Doyle, 637 Saratoga St., E. Boston, Mass., June 27, 1917.

For hair and skin health Cuticura Soap and Ointment are supreme. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: Post-Office Box 1024, Dept. R, Framingham, Mass. Cuticura Soap 25¢. Cuticura Ointment 15¢.

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Stocks and Bonds	\$6,263,478.69	Deposits	\$10,787,710.63
Loans	4,576,042.66	Surplus and Undivided Profits	998,559.81
Real Estate	50,000.00	Other Liabilities	2,386.35
Other Assets	32,184.48		
Deposits in Banks	790,618.03		
Cash	76,332.93		
	\$11,788,656.79		\$11,788,656.79

Savings Bank of Newport

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF The National Exchange Bank	
At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on December 31, 1917.	
RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$48,719.05
Overdrafts, unsecured, \$115.85	\$115.85
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	1,000.00
Liberty Loan Bonds, unpledged	1,000.00
Liberty Loan Bonds, pledged to secure State, or other deposits or bills payable	50,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.	20,122.00
Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock	2,000.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (50 percent of subscription)	2,000.00
Value of banking house	1,000.00
Equity in banking house	21,075.00
Real estate owned other than banking house	21,075.00
Legal reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	2,000.00
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks	11,775.85
Exchanges for clearing, 100-00	22,884.87
Cheques on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 17)	7,712.04
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer	4,209.12
Interest earned but not collected	1,150.00
Total	\$1,012,872.01
LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$10,000.00
Surplus fund	95,000.00
Undivided Profits	998,559.81
Interest and discount collected but not earned (approximate)	17,511.14
Overnight notes outstanding	3,000.00
Net amounts due to National Banks	97,500.00
Net amounts due to Banks and Bankers (other than above)	215.90
Total amount of items 11 and 12	50,532.14
Individual deposits subject to check	575,219.00
Certificates of deposit due in less than 90 days	28,520.00
Dividends unpaid	4,605.00
Total of demand deposits subject to reserve	61,409.73
U. S. Bonds borrowed for which collateral security was furnished	25,000.00
Other than with Federal Reserve Bank, including all obligations representing money borrowed, other than discounts	50,000.00
Total	\$1,012,872.01

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.
County of Newport ss:
I, Geo. H. Proud, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above state ment is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 11th day of January, 1918.
Correct Attest:
FREDERICK B. COGGESHALL,
WILLIAM H. LANGLEY,
WILLIAM R. HARVEY,
Directors.
GEO. H. PROUD, Cashier.
PACKER BRAMAN, Notary public.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

Newport, R. I., August 17, 1917.
At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Trust Company held August 11, 1917, the following directors were elected for the ensuing year:

R. Livingston Beeckman	Peter King
Edward J. Berwind	William MacLeod
Charles A. Brackett	Frank C. Nichols
H. Martin Brown	Thomas P. Peckham
Clark Burdick	T. I. Hare Powell
Samuel P. Colt	Andrew K. Quinn
Charles D. Easton	Edward A. Sherman
Henry P. Eldridge	James Stillman
Otis Everett	Jeremiah K. Sullivan
Frederick P. Garrettsen	Henry A. G. Taylor
Lawrence L. Gillespie	Charles Tisdall
Ernest Howe	

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held August 17, 1917, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:
President—Thomas P. Peckham
Vice President—Clark Burdick
Treasurer and Secretary—Edward A. Sherman
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Secretary.

You Can SAVE COAL

by the use of any of the many

ELECTRICAL HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

for sale by the

BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY CO.

Illuminating Department,
Tel. 28 449 Thames St.

Though the daily war outlay by Germany is 40 cents per inhabitant, America's, with the present \$23,400,000 a day expenditure, represents only 28 cents per inhabitant. Against an annual per capita income of \$385 in the United States, the war is costing \$103.50, or about 25 per cent, while the average German, with a per capita income of \$162, has to contribute 60 per cent. of it to his government's expenses.

Business in London since the war broke out has improved, and is today better than in 1914, when hostilities began. Prices and profits are higher, notwithstanding wage increases.

Old Familiar Discovery.
Every new and then there comes a substitute for gasoline, simply filling the place of the old discoveries of perpetual motion.—New York Sun.

WE STILL SELL

Garden Seeds

OF ALL KINDS.

FLOUR, GRAIN, ETC.

Mackenzie & Winslow

[INCORPORATED]

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied By H. L. Marsh & Co

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1917

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS 7.40, 8.50 a. m., then each hour to 5.50 p. m.

SUNDAYS 8.50 a. m., then each hour to 7.50 p. m.

Commonwealth Hotel

(opposite State House, BOSTON, MASS)



"OVER THE TOP"

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER WHO WENT

ARTHUR GUY EMPEY

MACHINE GUNNER, SERVING IN FRANCE

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ARTUR GUY EMPEY

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Pete by the news of the sinking of the Lusitania. By a German submarine, Arthur Guy Empey, an American, leaves his office in Jersey City and goes to England where he enlists in the British army.

CHAPTER II—After a period of training, Empey volunteers for immediate service and soon finds himself in rest billets "somewhere in France," where he first makes the acquaintance of the ever-present "cooties."

CHAPTER III—Empey attends his first church service at the front while a German Fokker circles over the congregation.

CHAPTER IV—Empey's command goes into the front-line trenches and is under fire for the first time.

CHAPTER V—Empey learns to adopt the motto of the British Tommy, "If you are going to get it, you'll get it, so never worry."

CHAPTER VI—Back in rest billets, Empey gets his first experience as a mess orderly.

CHAPTER VII—Empey learns how the British soldiers are fed.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Little Wooden Cross.
After remaining in rest billets for eight days, we received the unwelcome tidings that the next morning we would "go in" to "take over." At six in the morning our march started and, after a long march down the dusty road, we again arrived at reserve billets.

I was No. 1 in the leading set of fours. The man on my left was named "Pete Walling," a cheery sort of fellow. He laughed and joked all the way on the march, buying up my drooping spirits. I could not figure out anything attractive in again occupying the front line, but Pete did not seem to mind, said it was all in a lifetime. My left heel was blistered from the rubbing of my heavy marching boot. Pete noticed that I was limping and offered to carry my rifle, but by this time I had learned the ethics of the march in the British army and courteously refused his offer.

We had gotten half-way through the communication trench, Pete in my immediate rear. He had his hand on my shoulder, as men in a communication trench have to do to keep in touch with each other. We had just climbed over a bashed-in part of the trench when in our rear a man tripped over a loose signal wire, and let out an oath. As usual, Pete rushed to his help. To reach the fallen man he had to cross this bashed-in part. A bullet cracked in the air and I ducked. Then a man from the rear, my heart stood still. I went back and Pete was lying on the ground. By the aid of my flashlight I saw that he had his hand pressed to his right breast. The fingers were covered with blood. I flashed the light on his face and in its glow a grayish-blue color was stealing over his countenance. Pete looked up at me and said: "Well, Yank, they've done me in. I can't feel myself going West." His voice was getting fainter and I had to kneel down to get his words. Then he gave me a message to write home to his mother and his sweetheart, and I, like a great big boob, cried like a baby. I was losing my first friend of the trenches.

Word was passed to the rear for a stretcher. He died before it arrived. Two of us put the body on the stretcher and carried it to the nearest first-aid post, where the doctor took an official record of Pete's name, number, rank and regiment from his identity disk, this to be used in the casualty lists and notification to his family.

We left Pete there, but it broke our hearts to do so. The doctor informed us that we could bury him the next morning. That afternoon five of the boys of our section, myself included, went to the little ruined village in the rear and from the deserted gardens of the French chateaux gathered grass and flowers. From these we made a wreath.

While the boys were making this wreath, I sat under a shot-scarred apple tree and carved out the following verses on a little wooden shield which we nailed on Pete's cross.

True to his God; true to Britain,
Doing his duty to the last,
Just one more name to be written
On the Roll of Honor of heroes passed—

Passed to their God, enshrined in glory,
Entering life of eternal rest,
One more chapter in England's story
Of her sons doing their best.

Rest, you soldier, mate so true,
Never forgotten by us below;
Know that we are thinking of you,
Ere to our rest we are hidden to go.

Next morning the whole section went over to say good-by to Pete, and laid him away to rest.

After each one had a look at the face of the dead, a corporal of the R. A. M. C. sewed up the remains in a blanket. Then placing two heavy ropes across the stretcher (to be used in lowering the body into the grave), we lifted Pete onto the stretcher, and reverently covered him with a large union jack, the flag he had died for.

The chaplain led the way, then came the officers of the section, followed by two of the men carrying a wreath. Immediately after came poor Pete on the flag-draped stretcher, carried by four soldiers. I was one of the four. Behind the stretcher, in column of fours, came the remainder of the section.

To get to the cemetery, we had to pass through the little shell-destroyed village, where troops were hurrying to add to.

As the funeral procession passed

these troops came to the "attention" and smartly saluted the dead.

Poor Pete was receiving the only salute a private is entitled to "somewhere in France."

New and again a shell from the German lines would go whistling over the village to burst in our artillery lines in the rear.

When we reached the cemetery we halted in front of an open grave, and laid the stretcher beside it. Forming a hollow square around the opening of the grave, the chaplain read the burial service.

German machine-gun bullets were "crackling" in the air above us, but Pete didn't mind, and neither did we.

When the body was lowered into the grave the flag having been removed, we clicked our heels together and came to the salute.

I left before the grave was filled in. I could not bear to see the dirt thrown on the blanket-covered face of my comrade. On the western front there are no coffins, and you are lucky to get a blanket to protect you from the wet and the worms. Several of the section stayed and decorated the grave with white stones.

That night, in the light of a lonely candle in the machine gunner's dugout of the front-line trench I wrote two letters. One to Pete's mother, the other to his sweetheart. While doing this I cursed the Prussian war god with all my heart, and I think that St. Peter noted same.

The machine gunners in the dugout were laughing and joking. To them Pete was unknown. Pretty soon, in the warmth of their merriment, my blues disappeared. One soon forgets on the western front.

CHAPTER IX.

Suicide Annex.

I was in my first dugout and looked around curiously. Over the door of mine was a little sign reading "Suicide Annex." One of the boys told me that this particular front trench was called "Suicide Ditch." Later on I learned that machine gunners and bombers are known as the "Suicide Club."

That dugout was muddy. The men slept in mud, washed in mud, ate mud, and dreamed mud. I had never before realized that so much discomfort and misery could be contained in those three little letters, M U D. The floor of the dugout was an inch deep in water. Outside it was raining cats and dogs, and thin rivulets were trickling down the steps. From the air shaft immediately above me came a drip, drip, drip. Suicide Annex was a hole eight feet wide, ten feet long and six feet high. It was about twenty feet below the fire trench; at least there were twenty steps leading down to it. These steps were cut into the earth, but at that time were muddy and slippery. A man had to be very careful or else he would "shoot the chutes." The air was foul, and you could cut the smoke from Tommy's fags with a knife. It was cold. The walls and roof were supported with heavy square timbers, while the entrance was strengthened with sandbags. Nails had been driven into these timbers. On each wall hung a miscellaneous assortment of equipment. The lighting arrangements were superb—one candle in a reflector made from an ammunition tin. My teeth were chattering from the cold, and the drip from the air shaft did not help matters much. While I was sitting bemoaning my fate and wishing for the dredest at home, the fellow next to me, who was writing a letter, looked up and innocently asked, "Say, Yank, how do you spell 'condemnation'?"

I looked at him in contempt and answered that I did not know.

From the darkness in one of the corners came a thin, piping voice stinging one of the popular trench ditties entitled:

"Pack up your Troubles in your Old Kit bag, and Smile, smile, smile.
Every now and then the Slinger would stop to cough, cough, cough. but it was a good illustration of Tommy's cheerfulness under such conditions.

A machine-gun officer entered the dugout and gave me a hard look. I sneaked past him, sliding and slipping, and reached my section of the front-line trench, where I was greeted by the sergeant, who asked me, "Where in—ave you been?"

I made no answer, but sat on the muddy fire step, shivering with the cold and with the rain beating in my face. About half an hour later I teamed up with another fellow and went on guard with my head sticking over the top. At ten o'clock I was relieved and resumed my sitting position on the fire step. The rain suddenly stopped and we all breathed a sigh of relief. We prayed for the morning and the rum issue.

CHAPTER X.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears
the
Signature of

Wm. D. Mitchell

"The Day's Work."

I was fast learning that there is a regular routine about the work of the trenches, although it is badly upset at times by the Germans.

The real work in the fire trench commences at sundown. Tommy is like a burglar, he works at night.

Just as it begins to get dark the word "stand to" is passed from traverse to traverse, and the men get busy. The first relief, consisting of two men to a traverse, mount the fire step, one man looking over the top, while the other sits at his feet, ready to carry messages or to inform the platoon officer of any report made by the sentry as to his observations in No Man's Land. The sentry is not allowed to relax his watch for a second. If he is questioned from the trench or asked his orders, he replies without turning around or taking his eyes from the expanse of dirt in front of him. The remainder of the occupants of his traverse either sit on the fire step, with bayonets fixed, ready for any emergency, or if lucky, and a digout happens to be in the near vicinity of the traverse, and if the night is quiet, they are permitted to go to same and try and snatch a few whiffs of sleep. Little sleeping is done; generally the men sit around, smoking fags and seeing who can tell the biggest lie. Some of them, perhaps with their feet in water, would write home sympathizing with the "governor" because he was laid up with a cold, contracted by getting his feet wet on his way to work in No Man's Land. It is a man should imagine to doze off, likely as not he would wake with a start as the chimney, cold feet of a rat passed over his face, or the next relief stepped on his stomach while stumbling on their way to relieve the sentries in the trench.

Just try to sleep with a belt full of ammunition around you, your rifle butt biting into your ribs, trenching tool handle sticking into the small of your back, with a tin hat for a pillow and feeling very damp and cold, with "cooties" boring for oil in your armpits, the air foul from the stench of grimy human bodies and smoke from a juicy pipe being whiffed into your nostrils, then you will not wonder why Tommy occasionally takes a turn to the trench for a rest.

While in a front-line trench orders forbid Tommy from removing his boots, puttees, clothing or equipment. The "cooties" take advantage of this order and mobilize their forces, and Tommy sweats vengeance on them and mutters to himself, "Just wait until I hit rest billets and am able to get my own back."

Just before daylight the men "turn to" and tumble out of the dugouts, man the fire step until it gets light, or the welcome order "stand down" is given. Sometimes before "stand down" is ordered, the command "five rounds rapid" is passed along the trench. This means that each man must rest his rifle on the top and fire as rapidly as possible five shots aimed toward the German trenches, and then duck (with the emphasis on the "duck"). There is a great rivalry between the opposing forces to get their rapid fire all off at first, because the early bird, in this instance, catches the worm—sort of gets the jump on the other fellow, catching him unawares.

We had a sergeant in our battalion named Warren. He was on duty with his platoon in the fire trench one afternoon when orders came up from the rear that he had been granted seven days' leave for Blighty, and would be relieved at five o'clock to proceed to England.

He was ticked to death at those welcome tidings and regarded his more for less curious mates beside him on the fire step with the good times in store for him. He figured it out that in two days' time he would arrive at Waterloo station, London, and then—seven days' bliss!

At about five minutes to five he started to digget with his rifle, and then suddenly springing up on the fire step with a muttered, "I'll send over a couple of sonovnts to Fritz so that he'll miss me when I leave," he stuck his rifle over the top and fired two shots when "crack" went a bullet and he



Lewis Gun in Action.

tumbled off the step, fell into the mud at the bottom of the trench, and lay still in a huddled heap with a bullet hole in his forehead.

At about the time he expected to arrive at Waterloo station he was laid to rest in a little cemetery behind the lines. He had gone to Blighty.

In the trenches one can never tell—it is not safe to plan very far ahead.

After "stand down" the men sit on the fire step or repair to their respective digouts and wait for the "rum issue" to materialize. Immediately following the rum comes breakfast, brought up from the rear. Sleeping is then in order unless some social work

turns up.

Around 12:30 dinner shows up. When this is eaten the men try to amuse themselves until "ten" appears at about four o'clock, then "stand to" and they carry on as before.

While in rest billets Tommy gets up about six in the morning, washes up, answers roll call, is inspected by his platoon officer, and has breakfast. At 8:45 he parades (drills) with his company or goes on fatigue according to the orders which have been read out by the orderly sergeant the night previous.

Between 11:30 and noon he is dismissed, has his dinner and is "on his own" for the remainder of the day, unless he has elected for a digging or working party, and so it goes on from day to day, always "looping the loop" and looking forward to peace and Blighty.

Sometimes, while engaged in a "cootie" hunt, you think, "Strange to say, but it is a fact, while Tommy is searching his shirt serious thoughts come to him. Many a time, when performing this operation, I have tried to figure out the outcome of the war and what will happen to me.

My thoughts generally ran in this channel:

Will I emerge safely from the next attack? If I do will I skin through the following one, and so on? While your mind is wandering into the future it is likely to be rudely brought to earth by a Tommy interrupting with, "What's good for rheumatism?"

Then you have something else to think of. Will you come out of this war crippled and tied into knots with rheumatism, caused by the wet and mud of trenches and dugouts? You give it up as a bad job and generally saunter over to the nearest estaminet to draw your moody forebodings in a glass of sickening French beer or to try your luck at the always present game of "hauser." You can hear the singsong voice of a Tommy droning out the numbers as he extracts the little squares of cardboard from the bag between his feet.

CHAPTER XI.

Over the Top.

On my second trip to the trenches our officer was making his rounds of inspection, and we received the cheerful news that at four in the morning we were to go over the top and take the German front-line trench. My heart turned to lead. Then the officer carried on with his instructions. To the best of my memory I recall them as follows: "At eleven a wiring party will go out in front and cut lines through our barbed wire for the passage of troops in the morning. At two o'clock our artillery will open up with an intense bombardment, which will last until four. Upon the lifting of the barrage the first of the three waves will go over." Then he left. Some of the Tommies, first getting permission from the sergeant, went into the machine gunners' dugout and wrote letters home, saying that in the morning they were going over the top, and also that if the letters reached their destination it would mean that the writer had been killed.

These letters were turned over to the captain with instructions to mail same in the event of the writer's being killed. Some of the men made out their wills in their pay books, under the caption, "Will and Last Testament."

Then the nerve-racking wait commenced. Every now and then I would glance at the dial of my wrist watch and was surprised to see how fast the minutes passed by. About five minutes to two I got nervous waiting for our guns to open up. I could not take my eyes from my watch. I crouched against the parapet and strained my muscles in a deathlike grip upon my rifle. As the hands on my watch showed two o'clock a blinding red flare lighted up the sky in our rear, then thunder, intermixed with a sharp, whistling sound in the air over our heads. The shells from our guns were speeding on their way toward the German lines. With one accord the men sprang up on the fire step and looked over the top in the direction of the German trenches. A line of bursting shells lighted up No Man's Land. The din was terrific and the ground trembled. Then, high above our heads we could hear a sighing moan. Our big boys behind the line had opened up and 9.2's and 15-inch shells commenced dropping into the German lines. The flash of the guns behind the lines, the scream of the shells through the air, and the flare of Q. H. bursting, was a spectacle that put Pain's greatest display into the shade. The constant pop, pop, of German machine guns and an occasional rattle of rifle firing gave me the impression of a huge audience applauding the work of the batteries.

Our 18-pounders were destroying the German barbed wire, while the heavier stuff was demolishing their trenches and bashing in dugouts or tank holes. Then Fritz got busy.

Their shells went screaming overhead, aimed in the direction of the flares from our batteries. Trench mortars started dropping "Mones" in our front line. We clicked several casualties. Then they suddenly ceased. Our artillery had taped or silenced them.

During the bombardment you could almost read a newspaper in our trench. Sometimes in the flare of a shell-burst a man's body would be silhouetted against the parados of the trench and it appeared like a huge monster. You could hardly hear yourself think. When an order was to be passed down the trench you had to yell it, using your hands as a funnel into the ear of the man sitting next to you on the fire step. In about twenty minutes a generous rum issue was doled out. After drinking the rum, which tasted like varnish and sent a shudder through your frame, you wondered why they made you wait until the lifting of the barrage before going over. At ten minutes to four word was passed down, "Ten minutes to go!" Ten minutes to live! We were shivering all over. My legs felt as if they were asleep. Then word was passed down: "Fritz wave get on and near the snail's pace."

These were small wooden ladders which we had placed against the parapet to enable us to go over the top on the lifting of the barrage. "Ladders of death" we called them, and veritably they were.

Before a charge Tommy is the poorest of men. There is never any pushing or crowding to be first up these ladders. We crouched around the base of the ladders waiting for the word to go over. I was sick and faint, and was pulling away at an unlighted fag. Then came the word, "Three minutes to go; upon the lifting of the barrage and on the blast of the whistles, 'Over the top with the best of luck and give them hell!' The famous phrase of the western front. The Jonah phrase of the western front. To Tommy it means if you are lucky enough to come back you will be minus an arm or a leg. Tommy hates to be wished the best of luck; so, when peace is declared, if it ever is, and you meet a Tommy on the street, just wish him the best of luck and duck the brick that follows.

I placed again at my wrist watch. We all wore them and you could hardly call us "sissies" for doing so. It was a minute to four. I could see the hand move to the twelve, then a dead silence. It hurt. Everyone looked up to see what had happened, but not for long. Sharp whistle blasts rang out along the trench, and with a cheer the men scrambled up the ladders. The bullets were crackling overhead, and occasionally a machine gun would rip and tear the top of the sandbag parapet. How I got up that ladder I will never know. The first ten feet to front was agony. Then we passed through lanes in our barbed wire. I knew I was running, but could feel no motion below the waist. Patches on the ground seemed to float to the rear as if I were on a treadmill and scenery was rushing past me. The Germans had put a barrage of shrapnel across No Man's Land, and you could hear the pieces slap the ground about you.

After I had passed our barbed wire and gotten into No Man's Land a Tommy about fifteen feet to my right turned around and looking in my direction, put his hand to his mouth and yelled something which I could not make out on account of the noise from the bursting shells. Then he coughed, stumbled, pitched forward and lay still. His body seemed to float to the rear of me. I could hear sharp cracks in the air about me. These were caused by passing rifle bullets. Frequently, to my right and left, little spurts of air would rise into the air and a ricochet bullet would whine on its way. If a Tommy should see one of these little spurts in front of him, he would tell the nurse about it later. The crossing of No Man's Land remains a blank to me.

Men on my right and left would stumble and fall. Some would try to get up, while others remained huddled and motionless. Then smashed-up barbed wire came into view and seemed carried on a tide to the rear. Suddenly, in front of me loomed a bashed-in trench about four feet wide. Queer-looking forms like mud turtles were scrambling up its wall. One of these forms seemed to slip and then rolled to the bottom of the trench. I leaped across this intervening space. The man to my left seemed to pause in midair, then pitched head down into the German trench. I laughed out loud in my delirium. Upon alighting on the other side of the trench I came to with a sudden jolt. Right in front of me loomed a giant form with a title which looked about ten feet long, on the end of which seemed seven bayonets. These flashed in the air in front of me. Then through my mind flashed the admonition of our bayonet instructor back in Blighty. He had said, "whenever you get in a charge and run your bayonet up to the hilt into a German the Fritz will fall. Perhaps your rifle will be wrenched from your grasp. Do not waste time, if the bayonet is fouled in its equipment, by putting your foot on his stomach and lugging at the rifle to extricate the bayonet. Simply press the trigger and the bullet will free it." In my present situation this was the logic, but for the life of me I could not remember how he had told me to get my bayonet into the German. To me this was the paramount issue. I closed my eyes and lunged forward. My rifle was torn from my hands. I must have gotten the German because he had disappeared. About twenty feet to my left there was a huge Prussian nearly six feet four inches in height, a fine specimen of physical manhood. The bayonet from his rifle was missing, but he clutched the barrel in both hands and was swinging the butt around his head. I could almost hear the swish of the butt passing through the air. Three little Tommies were engaged with him. They looked like penguins alongside of the Prussian. The Tommy on the left was gradually circling to the rear of his opponent. It was a funny sight to see them duck the swinging butt and try to jab him at the same time. The Tommy nearest me received the butt of the German's rifle in a smashing blow below the right temple. It smashed his head like an eggshell. He pitched forward on his side and a convulsive shudder ran through his body. Meanwhile the other Tommy had gained the rear of the Prussian. Suddenly about four inches of bayonet protruded from the throat of the Prussian soldier, who staggered forward and fell. I will never forget the look of blank astonishment that came over his face.

Then something hit me in the left shoulder and my left side went numb. It felt as if a hot poker was being driven through me. I felt no pain—just a sort of nervous shock. A bayonet had pierced me from the rear. I fell backward on the ground, but was not unconscious, because I could see dim objects moving around me. Then

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in rest billets. The next day our captain asked for volunteers for bombers' school. I gave my name and was accepted. I had joined the Snafle club, and my troubles commenced. Thirty-two men of the battalion, including myself, were sent to —, where we went through a course in bombing. Here we were instructed in the uses, methods of throwing and manufacture of various kinds of hand grenades, from the old "jam tin," now obsolete, to the present Mills bomb, the standard of the British army.

It all depends where you are as to what you are called. In France they call you a "bomber" and give you medals, while in neutral countries they call you an anarchist and give you "life."

From the very start the Germans were well equipped with effective bombs and trained bomb throwers, but the English army was as little prepared in this important department of fighting as in many others. At bombing school an old sergeant of the Great-adler guards, whom I had the good fortune to meet, told me of the discouragements this branch of the service suffered before they could meet the Germans on an equal footing. (Pact-ists and small army people in the U. S. please read with care.) The first English expeditionary forces had no bombs at all, but had clobbered a lot of casualties from those thrown by the Boches. One bright morning someone higher up had an idea and issued an order detailing two men from each platoon to go to bombing school to learn the duties of a bomber and how to manufacture bombs. Noncommissioned officers were generally selected for this course. After about two weeks at school they returned to their units in rest billets or in the fire trench, as the case might be, and got busy teaching their platoons how to make "jam tins."

Previously an order had been issued for all ranks to save empty jam tins for the manufacture of bombs. A professor of bombing would sit on the fire step in the front trench with the remainder of his section crowding around to see him work.

On his left would be a pile of empty and rusty jam tins, while beside him on the fire step would be a miscellaneous assortment of material used in the manufacture of the "jam tins."

Tommy would stoop down, get an empty "jam tin," take a handful of clayey mud from the parapet, and line the inside of the tin with this substance. Then he would reach over, pick up his detonator and explosive, and insert them in the tin, fuses protruding. On the fire step would be a pile of fragments of shell, shrapnel balls, bits of iron, nails, etc.—anything that was hard enough to send over to Fritz; he would scoop up a handful of this junk and put it in the bomb. Perhaps one of the platoon would ask him what he did this for, and he would explain that when the bomb exploded these bits would fly about and kill or wound any German hit by same; the questioner would immediately pull a button off his tunic and hand it to the bomb maker with, "Well, blame me, send this over as a souvenir," or another Tommy would volunteer an old rusty and broken jackknife; both would be accepted and inserted.

Then the professor would take another handful of mud and fill the tin, after which he would punch a hole in the lid of the tin and put it over the top of the bomb, the fuses sticking out. Then perhaps he would tightly wrap wire around the outside of the tin, and the bomb was ready to send over to Fritz with Tommy's compliments.

(To be Continued.)

a flash of light in front of my eyes and unconsciousness. Something had hit me on the head. I have never found out what it was.

I dreamed I was being tossed about in an open boat on a heaving sea and opened my eyes. The moon was shining. I was on a stretcher being carried down one of our communication trenches. At the advanced first-aid post my wounds were dressed, and then I was put into an ambulance and sent to one of the base hospitals. The wounds in my shoulder and head were not serious and in six weeks I had rejoined my company for service in the front line.

CHAPTER XII.

Bombing.

The boys in the section welcomed me back, but there were many strange faces. Several of our men had gone West in that charge, and were lying "somewhere in France" with a little wooden cross at their heads. We were



Throwing Hand Grenades.

in rest billets. The next day our captain asked for volunteers for bombers' school. I gave my name and was accepted. I had joined the Snafle club, and my troubles commenced. Thirty-two men of the battalion, including myself, were sent to —, where we went through a course in bombing. Here we were instructed in the uses, methods of throwing and manufacture of various kinds of hand grenades, from the old "jam tin," now obsolete, to the present Mills bomb, the standard of the British army.

It all depends where you are as to what you are called. In France they call you a "bomber" and give you medals, while in neutral countries they call you an anarchist and give you "life."

From the very start the Germans were well equipped with effective bombs and trained bomb throwers, but the English army was as little prepared in this important department of fighting as in many others. At bombing school an old sergeant of the Great-adler guards, whom I had the good fortune to meet, told me of the discouragements this branch of the service suffered before they could meet the Germans on an equal footing. (Pact-ists and small army people in the U. S. please read with care.) The first English expeditionary forces had no bombs at all, but had clobbered a lot of casualties from those thrown by the Boches. One bright morning someone higher up had an idea and issued an order detailing two men from each platoon to go to bombing school to learn the duties of a bomber and how to manufacture bombs. Noncommissioned officers were generally selected for this course. After about two weeks at school they returned to their units in rest billets or in the fire trench, as the case might be, and got busy teaching their platoons how to make "jam tins."

Previously an order had been issued

No wonder the White Sox won the world's series.

H stories: and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. State all queries as briefly as possible.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1918.

NOTES.

Died of Liberty Tree and of the Land in which it stands.

This deed was drawn by Henry Marchant, esquire, and copied by William Ellery, esquire.

April 14, 1706.

(The original deed is in the vault of the Newport Historical Society.)

(Continued.)

We, William Ellery and Robert Crooke, both of Newport, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, surviving grantees to the within deed of Liberty Tree and the land therein described do, in pursuance of the authority with which we are by the said deed invested, choose and appoint John Avery Collins and Christopher Fowler both of said Newport as Trustees of the said Tree and land in the room of John Collins and Samuel Fowler deceased.

In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this fourth day of October in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred.

Signed sealed and delivered in presence of

WILLIAM ELLERY

Wm. Crooke ROBERT CROOKE

Thos. Peckham, Junr.

Newport, 6th October, 1800.

The above is recorded in the Book of Land Evidence of Newport since the Evacuation of the British Troops in

Page 1th

by

JONATHAN ALMY, Town Clerk.

We, William Ellery, John Avery Collins, and Christopher Fowler all of Newport, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, surviving grantees to the within deed of Liberty Tree, and the land therein described, do, in pursuance of the authority with which we are by the said deed invested, choose and appoint William Crooke of said Newport a Trustee of the said Tree and land in the room of Robert Crooke deceased.

In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this eleventh day of August in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

Signed, sealed

WM. ELLERY

& delivered in JOHN COLLINS

presence of CHRIS. FOWLER

Charles Feko

Edmund T. Ellery

I accept of the above appointment.

Newport 17th Aug. Recd and Recorded the same day in the Book of Land Evidence of Newport No. 14, Page 323.

by

JONATHAN ALMY, Town Clerk.

We, John Avery Collins, Christopher Fowler and William Crooke all of Newport, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, surviving grantees to the within deed of Liberty Tree and the land therein described do, in pursuance of the authority with which we are by the said deed invested, choose and appoint William Ellery of said Newport, a Trustee of the said Tree and land in the room and place of his respected Father, William Ellery esquire deceased.

In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this second day of August in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twenty.

Signed Sealed JOHN A. COLLINS

and delivered CHRIS. FOWLER

in Presence of WM. CROOKE

Nathan Barker

Jonathan Almy

I accept the above appointments.

Newport, 2 August, 1820.

Received and Recorded the same day in the Book of Land Evidence of Newport No. 14, Page 488.

by

JONATHAN ALMY, Town Clerk.

We, John Avery Collins and William Ellery, both of Newport in the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, surviving grantees to the within deed of Liberty Tree, and the land therein described, do, in pursuance of the authority with which we are by the said deed invested, choose and appoint Benjamin Hazard and Samuel Fowler Gardner, both of said Newport, as Trustees of the said Tree and land in the room and place of Christopher Fowler, and William Crooke, deceased.

In Witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this twenty-fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and thirty.

Signed, sealed and delivered in pres-

JOHN COLLINS

ence of WILLIAM ELLERY

Benjamin Hadwen

Daniel Brown

Nichols Hazard

We accept of the above appointment.

R. HAZARD

S. FOWLER GARDNER

Newport, 25th May, 1830.

Received and recorded same day in Book of Land Evidence of Newport No. 17, Page 434 by

BENJ. B. HOWLAND, Town Clerk.

Wm. Crooke

May 25th, 1830.

I hereby certify that I have this day annexed the above appointment of Benjamin Hazard and Samuel Fowler Gardner as Trustees of Liberty Tree and Land to the foregoing Deed of said Tree and land and appointments.

In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of said Town of Newport the day and year aforewritten.

BENJ. B. HOWLAND, Town Clerk.

We, William Ellery, Benjamin Hazard and Samuel Fowler Gardner, all of the Town & County of Newport & State of Rhode Island &c. Surviving grantees to the annexed Deed of Liberty Tree and Land therein described, do, in pursuance of the authority with which we are by the said deed invested, choose and appoint John F. Townsend of said Newport as Trustee of the said Tree and Land in the room and place of John Avery Collins deceased.

In Witness whereof We have hereunto set our hand and seals this nineteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord One Thousand eight hundred and thirty-four.

Signed, sealed WILLIAM ELLERY

and delivered B. HAZARD

In presence S. FOWLER GARDNER

John P. Mann

John R. Randolph

Go. S. Coe.

I accept of the above appointment.

JOHN F. TOWNSEND,

Received the above into my Office for Recording Newport, June 19, 1834 and recorded June 20, 1834, in the 20th Vol. Land Evidence Newport, page 2, by

BENJ. B. HOWLAND, Town Clerk.

I, John F. Townsend, of the Town and County of Newport & State of Rhode Island &c. Surviving grantee to the annexed Deed of Liberty Tree & Land therein described, do, in pursuance of the authority with which I am by said deed invested, choose and appoint William A. Clarke, William Gardner and George W. Ellery, all of said Newport, as Trustees of the said Tree & Land in the room & place of William Ellery, Samuel Fowler Gardner & Benjamin Hazard, deceased.

In Witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-sixth day of April in the year of our Lord One Thousand eight hundred & forty-nine.

Signed sealed and delivered in presence of

JOHN F. TOWNSEND,

Benj. Ellery

Isaac S. Fowler

Peleg Clarke

We accept of the above appointment.

GEORGE W. ELLERY

WILLIAM GARDNER

Received into my office for recording Newport, Feb. 22, 1850 and recorded in 28 Vol. Land Evidence, Newport, Page 130, by

B. B. HOWLAND, Town Clerk.

QUERIES.

10062. ROBINSON—What was the name of Mrs. Mary Robinson's husband, whose estate was advertised in the Newport Mercury July 11, 1797?

What was Mrs. Mary Robinson's maiden name?—G.E.W.

10063. ROBINSON—Benedict (3) Arnold, of Josiah (2), of Benedict (1), mentions in his will 1733, a nephew, Robert Robinson. Can anyone give the parentage of Robert Robinson?—M. Y.R.

10064. BURGESS—Can anyone give the date of marriage of Joseph Burgess and Ann Tew? Also the parentage of Ann Tew. It is supposed that the marriage took place about 1730 and that it was either in Newport or Little Compton.

Joseph Burgess was born in Little Compton August 6, 1708, and I find that there was an Ann Tew who was born in Newport Nov. 2, 1709.—A.J.W.

10065. MOTT—Jacob Mott, of Adam Mott, was born 1661. It is said that he married Mary Easton, of John and Dorcas (Perry) Easton, on Nov. 3, 1719. The children of Jacob and Mary were Cassandra, born Nov. 1, 1714; Dorcas, born Mar. 1, 1716; Ann, born Oct. 22, 1718; Mary, born July 31, 1720; Jacob, born July 6, 1722.

Evidently the date of Jacob and Mary Mott's marriage must be wrong or else the birth dates of Cassandra, Dorcas and Ann. Can anyone verify the above dates?—W.D.H.

10066. COOPER—Simon Cooper and Mary Tucker were married Jan. 20, 1664. I would like to know the parentage of Mary Tucker. Was there any issue?—S.C.T.

ANSWERS.

WILCOX—Sarah E. Wilcox married Leonard Brown May 22, 1838.—L.S.S.

He Had a Practical Mind.

Those who gathered three times a day at Mrs. Skinner's table represented a wide range of territory, for Mrs. Skinner's establishment, like most New York boarding-houses, was most cosmopolitan. The house also enjoyed the high reputation of being a "home-like place"—a reputation due, in part, to the frequent appearance on the table of dishes whose social position might be doubtful, but which always awakened pleasant memories in the minds of the boarders. On this evening a plate heaped with russet circles flecked with white occupied the center of the table. Mr. Jimsen, who is a native of New York, and who sits at the head of the table, smiled and remarked:

"You may say what you please about desert, there's nothing goes so well with coffee as a good old-fashioned cruller."

"It amuses me to hear you call them crullers," said Mr. Haskins. "Now in Boston we never think of calling them anything but doughnuts. But I suppose the influence of the early Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam—"

"Why don't you give them a name that means something? They're fried cakes—nothing more nor less. Anybody in Connecticut will tell you that," interrupted Mr. Chesterfield, the doorwalker.

Wish We Had Coal to Sell You

But of course we haven't. But we have something just as good—a coal, raver. There never was a stove built that would do so much work on so little fuel as a CRAWFORD. Starts quickly, holds the fire and the heat wonderfully, responds immediately any time of day without forcing. We really think the fuel commission ought to recommend these ranges for universal use.

Ask anyone who is using a CRAWFORD, your next door neighbor, probably. She'll tell you the same story. Get right in the kitchen—got a CRAWFORD.

TITUS'

225-229 Thames St.,

Newport, R. I.

The Lowest Priced Furniture Store in Town.

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioner

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

Telephone Connection

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

BY VIRTUE OF the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made and entered by Simon A. Ball and Emma G. Ball to Mary A. Clark, bearing date the tenth day of April, A. D. 1912, and recorded in Book No. 4, at page 63 of the Records of Mortgages in the County of Newport, State of Rhode Island, there having been default in the performance of the conditions contained in said mortgage.

There will be sold at Public Auction on MONDAY, March 18, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock noon, on the premises hereinafter described in the said Town of New Shoreham, County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, all the right, title and interest of the said Simon A. Ball and Emma G. Ball, at the time of the execution of said mortgage, and to all that certain lot of land, about one-half acre, be same more or less, situated in the eastern part of the said Town of New Shoreham, County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, and bounded as follows:

Northerly partly on land belonging to the Episcopal Church called "St. Ann-by-the-Sea" and partly on land of Christopher E. Champlin, ending on land of the heirs of Nicholas Ball and Southern and Western on the public highway called "Spring Street." Being the same premises conveyed to Simon A. Ball and Emma G. Ball by deed from Mary A. Clark and Willet H. Clark dated April 10, 1912.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of her intention to bid at said sale, or any adjournment or continuance thereof.

MARY A. CLARK, Executor.

FRANK F. NOLAN, Agent for Mortgagee.

New Shoreham, R. I., March 9, 1918.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of

MALVINA A. MILLIKIN,

late of the Town of New Shoreham, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that he is a creditor of said estate and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

AMOROSE W. ROSE, Executor.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, March 4, 1918.

Estate of Mary Ann Dodge

MARY CLARK and LILLIAN G. LITTELL, Executors of the estate of Mary A. Dodge, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, present their first and final account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance which account contains a credit of the estate of real estate, and the same is referred to and referred to the first day of April, 1918, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

"Meet me at Barney's."

BARGAIN

Second-hand

GABLER PIANO

Price \$210.00

Terms or Cash

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE

Using Common Sense.

Wisdom consists not in an abundance of smartness, but mostly in a sane use of what little common sense we are fortunate enough to possess.

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GABLER PIANO

Price \$210.00

Terms or Cash

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Sheriff's Office, December 1st, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution number 2564 issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Newport, and for the County of Newport, on the 29th day of October, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court April 15, A. D. 1918, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1917, in favor of John Leonard and Andrew Van Camp, co-defendants doing business as Jane and Andrew Van Camp, against J. C. Mallory, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendant, J. C. Mallory, alias Jane Van Camp, had on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1917, at 33 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ) in and to a certain lot of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded as follows:—Northwesterly on Kay Street, Northerly on land known as the Caldwell Estate, Southerly on land of E. J. and M. J. Coggeshall, E. on the property of Thomas Coggeshall, on all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notar is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on premises at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 15th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees, and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R.I., March 7, A.D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 28th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

Newport, R.I., March 7, A.D. 1918.

For good and sufficient cause, the above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to the 28th day of March, A. D. 1918, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the same place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.

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